THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

There is a literary critic on the *Mail and Express* of this city who needs enlightenment. In reviewing a book recently he found the expression "Italian vinegar" coupled with the mention of "Attic salt." This struck him as very absurd, and he devoted a whole paragraph to displaying his own ignorance of what "Italian vinegar" meant. We like to enlighten persons of this sort, and so we will inform him that Italian vinegar (*Italum acetum*) was an expression used by the Romans to denote their own rude native wit as contrasted with the more urbane and polished wit of the Athenians (*sal Atticum*). For this elementary information we make no charge.

❀

We hear that Lord Charles Beresford and his collaborateur, Mr. Wilson, have discovered over a hundred hitherto unpublished letters of Nelson's, with which they will enrich the work upon the great seaman on which they are engaged.

❀

That the forthcoming *Enfant Terrible!* will not, like the *Lark*, eschew satire, is shown by its advance sheets, which contain, among other things, "The Bohemians of Boston"—a Bab Ballady poem evidently directed at the "League of the White Rose," the latest toy of the ultra-Anglomaniacs, who uphold the Jacobite pretension, and drink to the bonnie Prince Charlie—over the water. Among this cult are Louise Imogen Guiney, Alice Brown, Bliss Carman, Herbert Stone of the *Chap-Book*, Ralph Adams Cram, Herbert Copeland, and others. Of the Infant's "Orchid Club" it is said that

> "Fitz Willieboy was so *blasé*
> He burned a *Transcript* up, one day!"

and the accompanying sublime illustration pictures the climax of the Boston orchid's notoriety, when

> "Fitz-Willieboy McFlubadub,
> The Regent of the Orchid's Club,
> Had written on the window sill
> This shocking legend—
> 'Beacon H—ll!'"

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The enterprising editor of the English magazine, *The Young Man*, presents in his December number a very interesting interview with Mr. Phil May, who succeeded Du Maurier on *Punch*. Mr. May, we learn, was born at Wortley, near

PHIL MAY.

Drawn by himself.

Leeds, England, thirty-three years ago. His career has been a very varied and serious one, and began when as a boy of twelve he was thrown upon his own resources. His first regular work was done on the now defunct *St. Stephen's Review* fourteen years ago, after which he went out to Australia in 1885. He worked there for the Sydney *Bulletin*, and came back to London in 1888. The publication of *The Parson and the Painter* in 1891 was the beginning of his success, when a writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* spoke in the highest terms of his work, and gave three columns to a criticism of it. During the last five or six years this brilliant young artist, after surmounting more difficulties than most men are obliged to encounter, has been recognised as the most gifted black-and-white artist of our time. He is now exclusively retained by *Punch* and the *Graphic*, so that his days as a free lance are over. He is anxious that it should be widely known that any sketches which appear in other papers are sketches which were done by him years ago, and are being republished with his signature left in and the date taken off without his permission. He would also like to put right the prevalent impression that he "dashes off" his sketches. Sketching, he says, is much more serious work than that. For every sketch of his which is published he makes a dozen studies which never see the light.

❀

Mr. May was asked why it is that one occasionally finds some of his original drawings on sale, and he replied characteristically, "That I don't know; they must be sketches which I have given to friends and have been sold by them. Terrible thought, isn't it? But that is the only explanation. It reminds me of the Liberal politician I once heard of—"

"What was that?" asked the interviewer, on the alert for a good story.

"Oh, it was the same sort of thing—only more so. It seems this man was an ardent Liberal—no, there is no political bias in this story! He got into correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, who gave him some of his works with his autograph on the fly-leaf. Nothing remarkable about that! No, but what was the sequel? That man went and sold those autograph books, and on the proceeds of the sale he went down into the country to vote against the Gladstonian candidate! Cynical sort of proceeding, wasn't it?"

❀

Mr. May works best when he is out of London. Besides his regular work for *Punch* and the *Graphic*, he has an engagement to illustrate an *édition de luxe* of Dickens's works which Mr. George Allen is to publish some time during the year. "I am never tired of reading Dickens," he says; "I can never find a dull page in his books. I think my favourite is *Oliver Twist*, and after that *David Copperfield*. I have been busy looking around for my types, and have met a good many of his characters. Wonderful genius for characterisation! He had the observant faculty as few men ever have it. The illustrations

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will be quite a labour of love, and therefore all the more arduous."

❀

The two literary women who have been most talked about during the last decade have published almost simultaneously a new work in fiction. Madame Sarah Grand's *The Beth Book* appeared in November, and Mrs. Craigie's *The School for Saints*, first announced as *Saints and Sinners*, came out a few weeks later. To the curious and those versed in the black art of chirography we submit facsimiles of the manuscripts of both these books on the next page. The contrast is very striking. The new portrait which we give of Mrs. Craigie is taken from a photograph of a painting by Schmalz.

❀

Mrs. Craigie works in a spacious study at the top of her parents' beautiful English home at Lancaster Gate. Book collecting is her great hobby, and she has some three thousand volumes, many of them rare and exquisite editions. Sarah Grand finds people and, above everything, a free, quiet life in the country more interesting than books. In winter the Riviera attracts her, and during the past spring and summer she lived in the most complete retirement at the Hermitage of Jean Jacques Rousseau in the Forest of Montmorency, where she wrote her new book. Her method of work is to write the story first with pencil, whenever an idea seizes her, and then to rewrite and polish what she has written, after which it passes to her secretary to be typewritten. Mrs. Craigie, on the other hand, is not a laborious writer. She spends several hours sometimes in meditating on a portion of a story, and it may be that only a few lines are the result. But when she comes to the actual writing she does it very quickly. It is to be noted that she says that her characters do not usually express her views. "Some people seem to hold me responsible for everything that I have put into the mouths of the people in my books, but I never describe living characters, and have never attempted to write what is commonly called 'a society novel.' My aim is to write about human nature—not about the peculiarities of an individual or the manners of a season."

A STUDY BY PHIL MAY.

Mrs. Craigie confesses that she has a growing love for the writing of history and biography, and thinks it not improbable that she may in future devote herself largely to that branch of literature. If she does, the romantic and stirring history of her own Puritan and Revolutionary forefathers will afford her interesting subject-matter. For though Mrs. Craigie has had no continuing city, but is, as she laughingly calls herself, a citizen of the world—she began her travels at the age of three—Boston is her native place, and the blood of Puritan divines and Tory politicians mingles in her veins. She is proud of the fact that she is a Daughter of the Revolution.

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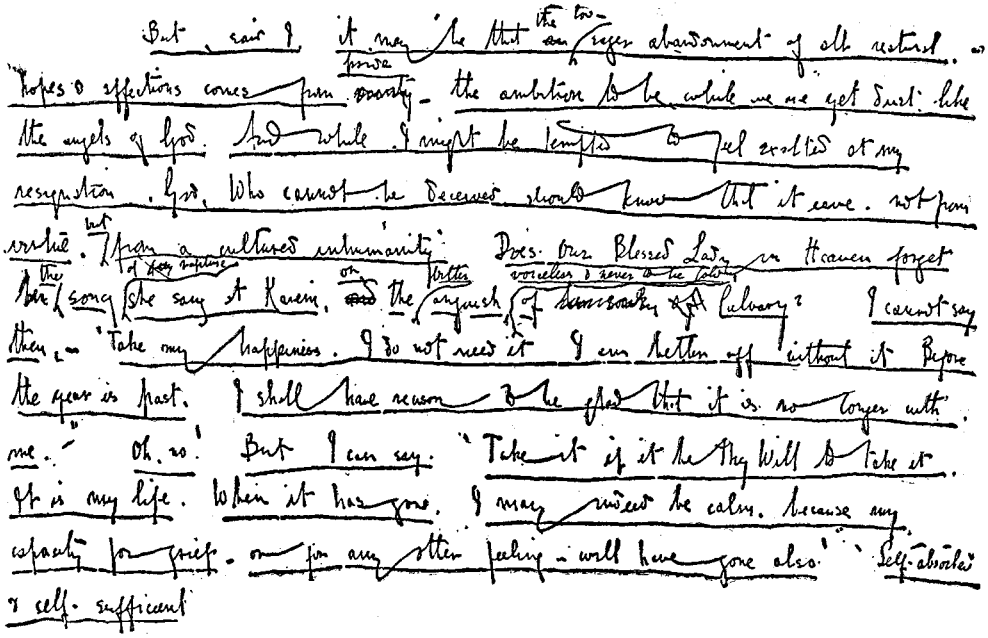
In studying her life it would be as foolish as it is useless to say that she should or would have done this, that, or the other thing at critical times. It is not what she should have done according to our judgment, nor what she would have done in our opinion, but what she actually did do, and the why and wherefore of her actions, which concerns us, and must be considered if we honestly wish to comprehend her, to arrive at the motives, principles, and impulses to which she was

FAC-SIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT FROM "THE BETH BOOK," BY SARAH GRAND.



FAC-SIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS," BY JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

It is curious that both these women should have chosen *noms-de-guerre* as authors, and that they should have been actuated by different but distinctly characteristic motives. When it was suggested to Mrs. Craigie that her own name of "Pearl" would have suited her much better, she replied with a smile, "I adopted the name of John Oliver Hobbes to keep me from being sentimental." "I wanted," says the author of *The Beth Book*, "a name that would be simple; I dislike fanciful pen-names. I had no idea at the time that a real

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John Oliver Hobbes.

From the photograph of a painting by Schmalz.

Sarah Grand had ever existed, but shortly after the publication of *The Heavenly Twins*, a gentleman said to me at dinner one evening, 'I am surprised that you should have taken the name of Sarah Grand. Possibly you are not aware that she was a notorious and beautiful woman, who ended eventually as the wife of Talleyrand.' I certainly had never heard this before, and have ever since been deeply interested in tracing the original Sarah Grand's history, but have discovered very little of it so far." She has now permanently adopted this *nom-de-guerre* as her real name, and Mrs. Chambers McFall, that once was, is now ushered into the London drawing-rooms as "Madame Sarah Grand."

❀

The censorious critics of the Kailyard in fiction will hail with delight what seems in two notable instances to be a return to the historic romance of the Stevensonian type. First on the field was Mr. William McLennan with *Spanish John*, which began as a serial in the October number of *Harper's*. The author's intimacy with the Scottish Highlands shows him no stranger to the heather, the loch, and the Ben, as his selection of themes denotes his knowledge of the salient features in Scottish romance. The second newcomer is Mr.

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NEIL MUNRO.

Neil Munro, whose *John Splendid* will appear throughout the year in *Blackwood's Magazine* in England, and in THE BOOKMAN in this country. The first instalment is published in this number.

❀

Mr. Munro is a Highlander of the Highlanders. He was born at Inverary, and comes of a farming and shepherd stock who have lived for centuries in Glenaray and on the shores of Loch Awe. He barely escaped the prospect that has been the lot of his forefathers —herding sheep, harvesting in the yellow fields, and thinning turnips for the Duke of Argyle. The parish minister was Mr. Munro's "Domsie" at this critical time, who had him set to the law. But he turned his back on law and started to woo letters. After some journalistic experience, he sent his first story to the *Speaker*, and it was accepted. He sent a second to Mr. W. E. Henley, who printed it in the *National Observer* in May, 1893, and took an opportunity thereafter to praise the author for his work. Then followed his connection with Mr. Blackwood, which began with the rejection of one story and the acceptance of the next sent to him. "Send me anything else you do," wrote Mr. Blackwood to the young author. *The Lost Pibroch*, which took him nearly a twelvemonth to put together, was the result. Of this volume Mr. Andrew Lang and other able critics have written in the highest terms of praise.

❀

His novel, *John Splendid*, is his first long-sustained effort, and is a remarkable performance, recalling the best of Stevenson, and succeeding where Stevenson failed, in portraying a womanly heroine with a glamour of witchery that wins the reader from the start. Mr. Munro disclaims the Celtic gloom. The Celt, as he knows him, is not gloomy at all, though something of a fatalist, and readily responsive to the pathos of life and nature, and unwilling to frivol with the large issues of existence which some races make jokes about in the comic papers. In half his moods he is riotously funny, with a vivid sense of the humorous, and a most beautiful zest in his little comforts and casual amusements. The story, like *Spanish John*, is autobiographic in form. *John Splendid*, we are certain, will prove to be one of the leading serials of the year.

❀

Pierre Loti's new volume, *Figures et Choses qui Passaient*, is a collection of scraps from a note-book, mostly written when he was staying in the Pays Basque preparing the matter for his novel *Ramuntcho*. His new book certainly contains examples of his finest writing. It would be difficult to find in any of his

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novels a more exquisite chapter than "Messe de Minuit," the description of a midnight mass in a small village in the Pyrenees.

❀

The newest compilation of Ruskin enthusiasts is nearly ready. It is called *The Bible References of John Ruskin*. Miss M. and Miss E. Gibbs have selected and arranged the passages, by permission of the author. The publisher is, of course, Mr. George Allen.

❀

It is proposed to issue Scandinavian, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and even Greek supplements to *Cosmopolis* during the year.

❀

The name of Dora Sigerson is not altogether unfamiliar and unnoted on this side of the water as a mark of genuine poetry. Some of her poems have appeared in the pages of this journal. Her genius is akin to that of Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Jane Barlow, and W. B. Yeats—the sweetest singer of them all, perhaps the sweetest singer living—and, like them, her imagination is rooted and grounded in Ireland. We have been eager to see her first volume of verse, which is now published by Mr. John Lane under the title *The Fairy Changeling, and Other Poems*. We hope to give more space to a review of the work in our next number; meanwhile, let us quote here what Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll has just written of the quality of these verses:

"They are not written as so many books of verse are written—that their author's poetic conscience may be stroked and pleased; they are full of the spirit of a genuine emotion, of strong pathos and originality, of high purity of feeling, and often marked by a grave and graceful sweetness. There is not a line which breathes the spirit of bitterness or cynicism, or even a final despair, and there are many passages for the sake of which it will be a real pleasure to keep the book at hand, and occasionally to turn over its pages. This is surely the highest praise that can be given to a young writer."

Dora Sigerson was married in July, 1896, to Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the vivacious and genial editor of the *Sketch*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From the marble bust by W. W. Story.

On another page will be found a review of *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, which has just been published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company, also a fac-simile of Mrs. Browning's manuscript taken from an essay called "An Opinion on Tennyson," written by her in 1843, and unearthed by the editors of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century* (Vol. I.). In THE BOOKMAN for March, 1896, were published pictures of Mrs. Browning's monument in the cemetery at Florence, and the Casa Guidi, where she lived and died. Here we reproduce an oval portrait from the photogravure of the beautiful marble bust, by W. W. Story, which forms the frontispiece to the first volume of the *Letters*.

❀

Florence, the place of Mrs. Browning's death, had already raised her tribute to the poet's memory before it was discovered with certainty where her exact birthplace was. But an explicit entry in a parish register clears away all doubt, and now the quiet little English country church of Kelloe Parish, so

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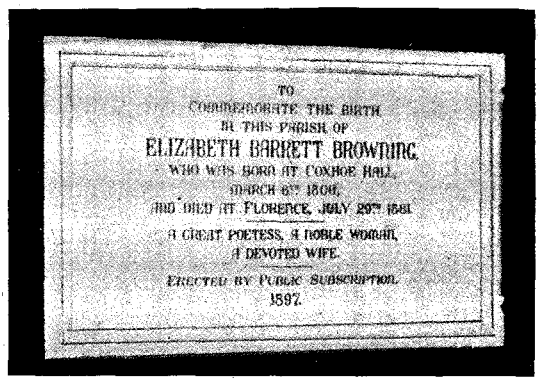
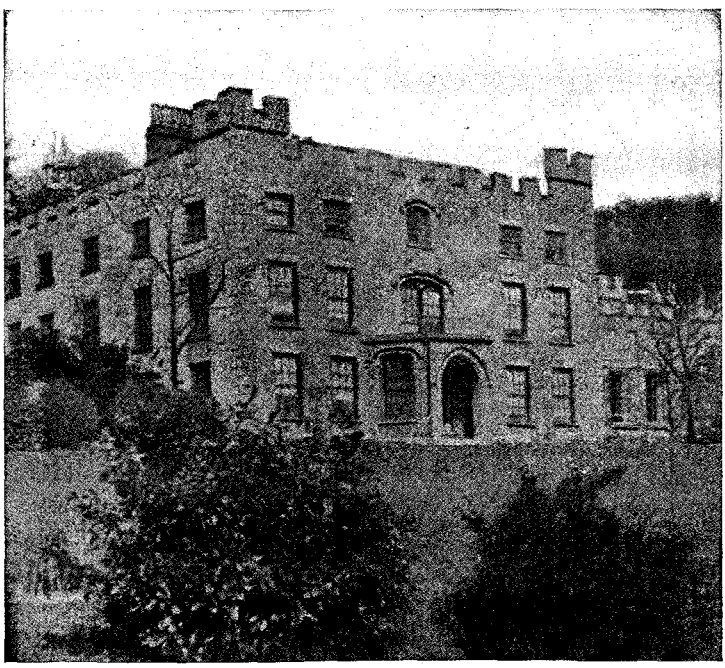
near the old hall where Mrs. Browning's life began, has paid its meed of service. A few weeks ago a marble tablet to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was unveiled in this church by the Dean of Durham. Mrs. Browning was born at Coxhoe Hall, which is near Kelloe. The illustrations showing the Hall and the tablet are taken from the *Sketch*.



FAC-SIMILE OF MARBLE TABLET IN MEMORY OF MRS. BROWNING IN KELLOE PARISH CHURCH.

❀

The London *Spectator* is usually so reasonable and just in its comment upon persons and things, that we are surprised to find a recent number of it speaking of the oratory of President Faure of France as being *bourgeois* and commonplace. Now, as a matter of fact, nothing could be more unfair. President Faure is a remarkably able speaker. No better proof of this could be found than that which is afforded by the perusal of the addresses made by him during his recent visit to the court of the Russian Czar. Under most trying circumstances, M. Faure acquitted himself oratorically in a manner that was simply perfect. His speeches were models of tact, of grace, and of dignity, and every Frenchman ought to have been proud of his very unusual talent for saying the right thing at the right moment. If the *Spectator* really wants some inimitable specimens of oratory that is *bourgeois* and commonplace, it should look up the various speeches made by the Prince of Wales during the last twenty years. Nothing more platitudinous and void of thought could very well be found. And only last June, when the Queen received some local tradesmen who for the moment were in some official position, she made an address which was about the dullest and flattest thing that we have ever seen. But what did the *Spectator* say about this? Why, it observed that it was difficult to conceive of anything more instinct with loftiness and stateliness. Yet any judge of oratorical form, if he had these different speeches set before him, with the names of their authors suppressed, would have picked out those of the Queen and the Prince of Wales as the productions of the ex-tanner, and those of President Faure as the deliverances of a monarch.



COXHOE HALL, WHERE MRS. BROWNING WAS BORN.

❀

The English have a pleasant little way,

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whenever they reprint an American book, of removing from its title page all possible indications of its source. We said something about this two years ago, and several English publishers at once took umbrage at our remarks, and the ubiquitous Mr. Andrew Lang rushed into print to defend his employers. But here are two recent instances of how the thing works. A new edition of the Latin-French Dictionary of Quicherat has just appeared, and in it the Latin Dictionary of Lewis and Short, which is a purely American publication, is credited to "two English scholars." This is because the Clarendon Press, which reprinted the book, after Oxford had adopted it as a standard, let it go forth as a purely British publication. Much the same thing happened in the case of one of Captain Mahan's works last summer. The English published it, suppressing the fact that its author was an officer of the United States Navy. Consequently, the *Temps* of Paris spoke of Captain Mahan as an English naval officer, and Lieutenant Fitch, the American naval attaché at the embassy in Paris, had to write a letter to the *Temps* in order to make it correct this false ascription. As we said about two years ago, this sort of thing is neither just nor even honest, and we hope that American authors whose books find favour in English eyes will insist upon appearing as Americans, and thus gain for their country a credit which the English invariably begrudge it.

❀

Mr. Mackenzie Bell has been so fortunate as to secure for his forthcoming book on Christina Rossetti a striking portrait of the poet, painted by James Collinson, and a drawing of her by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, neither of which has been published before. The book will also contain a photograph of Christina and her mother which was taken so long ago as 1863 by "Lewis Carroll" (the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), as well as numerous letters from Christina Rossetti which throw an intimate light upon her personality.

❀

Mr. A. J. Butler, who is so well known in the varied capacities of a translator of Dante, a translator of Marbot's *Memoirs*, as an Alpine climber, and as an Inspector of Schools, is now engaged in translating a German book of ethnology. The illustrations will be a curious revelation to many students.

❀

Mr. George Gissing, who has been in Italy for some weeks past, staying at Siena, is at present at Naples. He is on his way to Sicily, where he will stay for some time. Mr. Gissing's next novel will be entitled *The Town Traveller*.

❀

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, whose first long story, *The Skipper's Wooing*, was recently published by the F. A. Stokes Company, is engaged in writing one more novel with the flavour of the sea. When that is finished, he purposes, in succeeding work, to make a determined effort to get away from boats and sailors and salt water.

❀

Mr. Frank Mathew, the brilliant young Irish novelist, has written a new romance under the title of *A Lady's Sword*. Mr. Mathew is a grandson of the famous "Father Mathew," and a nephew of the well-known judge of the same name.

❀

The publishers are sometimes able to gauge the effects of reviews upon the sale of their books in a somewhat humorous way. Not very long ago Mr. Edward Clodd's *Primer of Evolution* was published by Messrs. Longmans in England and the Appletons in New York, and was reviewed in a contemporary under the title of "From Gas to Genius." Orders poured in very rapidly from all quarters, most of them asking for a book entitled *From Gas to Genius*. In some cases embarrassment was caused by a bookseller's collector emphatically declining to accept a book bearing so different a title as *A Primer of Evolution*.

❀

That truth is stranger than fiction is daringly exemplified in the case of Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, who six years ago left behind him the ease and quiet dignity of a college graduate's life at Princeton, and plunged incognito into an unknown and untried sphere of life, and adopted the obscure and inglorious rôle of a day labourer. The story is re-

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WALTER A. WYCKOFF.

lated of him that while at a house party in the summer of 1891 he was expounding his social theories one evening at dinner, when an older man of the thoroughgoing business type retorted that he knew nothing of the actual conditions of the labouring class. Starting out a few days later without a penny in his pocket and only one change of clothes, he at once set out to adjust himself to the life of the labourer, and for two years he worked as a gang labourer, farm hand, hotel porter, lumberman, etc. At the expiration of these two years he rested and went abroad, arranging the notes he had made during his strange experiences and getting them in shape for publication. These experiences have been related in the autumn numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*, and are now published in book form, entitled *The Workers: an Experiment in Reality*. The book purports to tell the truth about the workingman from actual observation and knowledge gained while submitting to the conditions that govern his class. We have had many sociological novels, but none, we will dare to say, containing so unvarnished a picture of reality—a picture at once of the most profound scientific and romantic interest, if we accept Mr. Wyckoff's experiment as belonging to the romance of human life.

❀

But according to Mr. Wyckoff, the half has not yet been told, and the present work is only an introduction to that which he will disclose in the pages of *Scribner's* some time during the year. The second part will deal with his more arduous experiment in the West, where this modern Don Quixote of the social realm came near to starving on the streets of Chicago as a member of the army of the unemployed. He lived in tenement-houses, associated with sweat-shop workers, attended anarchists' meetings, and dived into the labyrinth of the abnormal and diseased organisms of decivilised life in the large and overcrowded cities. Mr. W. R. Leigh, who illustrated the first series, is now sketching in Chicago among the scenes of Mr. Wyckoff's experiences. Mr. Wyckoff is a Fellow of Princeton, and is at present a lecturer in the Sociological Department. The portrait herewith given is the only authentic one yet published.

❀

Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, of Boston, have issued the first volume of their new edition of the works of Walt Whitman, being *Leaves of Grass*, including posthumous additions under the heading "Old Age Echoes," and also the poet's "Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads" in prose from *November Boughs*. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Whitman in 1890 with his autograph. The book is printed on light hand-made paper, and is tastefully bound and stamped with a neat, ornamental design on back. The event was celebrated by a window exhibit of Whitman editions, manuscripts, portraits, curious relics, etc., during the closing weeks in November. The exhibition was exposed in one of the capacious windows of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's bookshop, fronting

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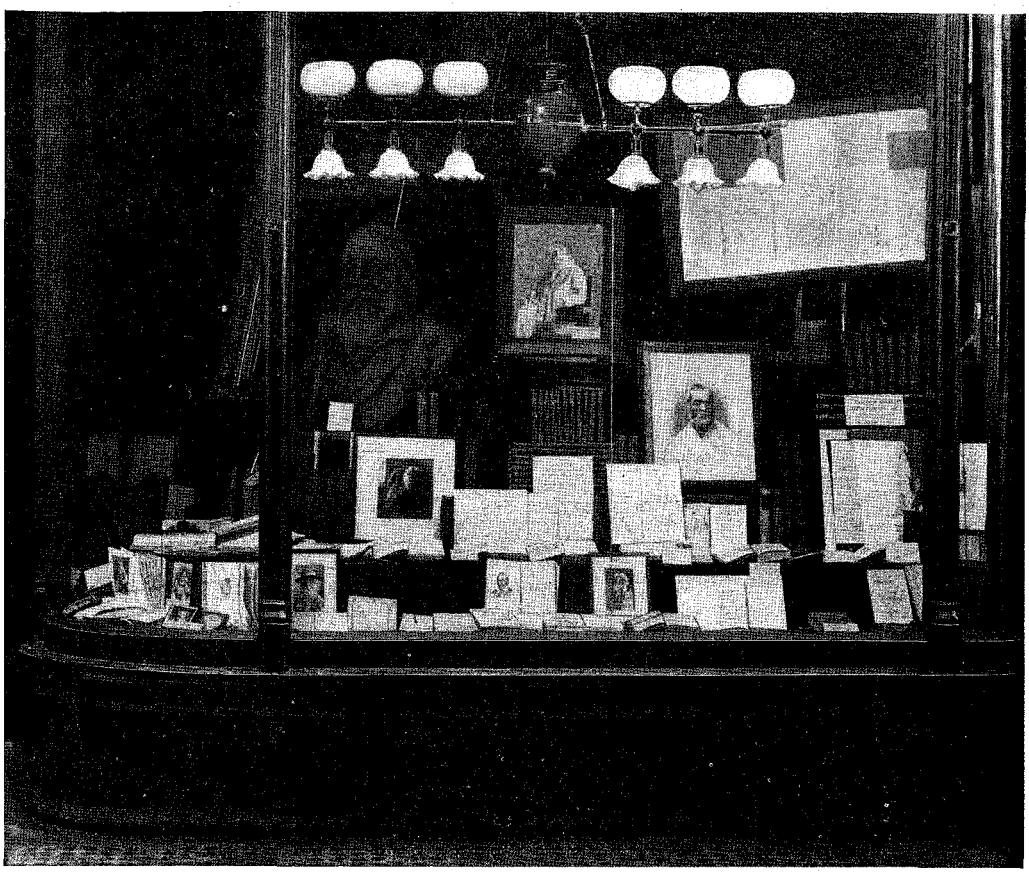

A WHITMAN WINDOW EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.

Fifth Avenue, and was an object of interest to a continuous crowd of foot passengers during the days of its display. A photograph of the window was taken, which is herewith reproduced, and accompanying the article on Walt Whitman, on another page, are numerous reproductions from the curious contents of this window, obtained by the courteous permission of Whitman's executors.

❀

Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, who is preternaturally wise and good, has been saying things in the *Critic* about THE BOOKMAN'S views of "Fonetik Refawrm." He observes:

"'Why,' asks Professor Peck as a clincher, 'when the compilers of the Century Dictionary wrote *honor* and the like, did they not also write *Savior?*'"

Professor Peck asked nothing of the sort. Then Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, who, as we remarked before, is preternaturally wise and good, concludes as follows:

"Since stupidity generally goes with vulgarity, it is to be feared that most of the reformers will never find out that their pet humbug has been exploded, and will go on working just the same. But what does it matter to persons of refinement and discrimination what such people may do?"

Well, it doesn't matter a little bit.

❀

"If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so." Not always. For example, the distinguished New York clergyman of West Fifty-seventh Street Baptist Church might take exception to a statement made last month by one of the *Sun's* bright young men that, "Ian Maclaren's *Bonnie Brier Bush* had been dramatised by Dr. MacArthur." The statement was evidently accepted as veracious by

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the Evening *Post*, which printed the item on the same day. Nevertheless, we hope that when the play is produced Dr. MacArthur, if he witness it, will feel that no indignity has been put upon him.

❀

We are now able to give some further information about this dramatisation, which may not be without interest to Ian Maclaren's numerous admirers. The story of the play keeps close to the various episodes in the books, which have been drawn into dramatic perspective; in the constructive process the atmosphere of pathos and comedy intermingling in the stories has been preserved; unity has been given to the scenes, and the human interest sustained and made cumulative to the end. The principal characters appear in the play, and Mr. J. H. Stoddart, one of the greatest "old man" actors on the stage, and an old Scotchman to boot, will take the part of Lachlan Campbell. Scottish part songs with a humorous musical arrangement, not familiar in this country, will be introduced by a trained male quartette, appearing as haymakers, street singers, etc., and will be quite an attractive feature. The production is in the hands of a first-class management, Messrs. Frank L. Perley and Fred M. Ranken, who are sanguine of its success, and are sparing no pains or expense to make it one of the finest presentations of its kind that has ever been produced. It will appear in New York about the beginning of February.

❀

We have received the following letter from Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor of Amherst College:

AMHERST COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS.,
December 2, 1897.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIRS: In my version of *Andronike*, on page 451, last paragraph in Chapter XI., occurs the following sentence: "The islands Vasiladi, Dolma, Poros and Anitolicon in the Gulf of Misolonghi, in a word, every door through which provisions could be introduced by sea, were one by one wrested from the Greeks." Here evidently "The islands," etc., is the grammatical subject of "were."

In the December BOOKMAN, page 347, bottom of first column, the reviewer of *Andronike* criticises the "English style" of the version as follows: "The most scrupulous of writers would not father such a sentence as 'Every door, through which provisions could be introduced by sea, were one by one wrested from the Greeks.'"

That is to say, in order to make this criticism he omits part of the sentence including the original subject, changes the small *e* of "every" to a capital *E*, so as to render "Every door" the subject of a plural verb, and also inserts a comma after "door." In other words, he mangles my sentence by three changes, encloses the mangled residuum in quotation marks, and criticises it. I submit that such procedure on the part of a reviewer is dishonest and dishonourable.

Very respectfully yours,
EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

The reviewer submits, in reply, his sincere regret that the unfortunate passage was not printed entire, and without an error in punctuation. This should certainly have been done, not only in fairness, but also to show in full why the most scrupulous of writers would not father such a sentence.

❀

The January part of *Chambers's Journal* will contain an article tracing "The Fate of Sir Walter Scott's Manuscripts" through the hands of their various possessors, such as Constable, Cadell, and others, with the various sums paid for each when they changed hands.

❀

The monument recently erected in Paris to Guy de Maupassant has revived the old controversy as to his position in literature. It would seem that Frenchmen still hesitate to give him the high place that has been accorded to him across the Channel. Rémy de Gourmont, one of the best known of the younger critics, speaks of him sarcastically as an amusing but monotonous writer possessed of a purely mechanical talent.

❀

Mr. F. Marion Crawford was to have returned to Europe in February, but his popularity as a lecturer has grown so great under the management of Major Pond, that a tour through the Southern and Middle States to the Pacific Coast, which has just been arranged, will detain him until the month of May. Mr. Crawford's new novel, *Corleone*, is meeting with the success it so well deserves, and is having an immense vogue. The portrait given on the next page is taken from a new photograph presented by Mr. Crawford to Major Pond, to whose courtesy and the permission of Falk, the photographer, we are indebted for its appearance in our columns.

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To my good friend Major J. B. Pond,
F. Marion Crawford.
Nov. 12. 1897

Publishers as well as authors are evidently being lured to the platform by Major Pond. Another lecturer, whose remarkable success is a surprise to himself, but was foreseen by the omniscient Major, is Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, of the Century Company. Mr. Ellsworth's subject belongs to the fascinating period of the Revolution, and is called "From Lexington to Yorktown." The proces-

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sion of events during those years of our history is graphically described, with a panoramic accompaniment of views from photographs taken by the lecturer himself while touring over the historical ground covered in the lecture. We congratulate Mr. Ellsworth upon the success he has won in his new rôle.

F. A. Steel.

The Macmillan Company have just published another volume of short stories by Mrs. Steel, the author of *On the Face of the Waters*. This is the second collection that has been made since the publication of her novel of the Indian Mutiny about a year ago. But publishers and public have been responsible for this, and not the author. Mrs. Steel's success has not carried her away, and it will be some time, she says, before she puts forth another book. *In the Permanent Way*, the new book of short stories, has a decided advantage over *In the Tideway*, which was issued in the summer. In the latter she went to Scotland for her material, and Mrs. Steel always makes her admirers nervous when she wanders beyond her proper limits. The volume just published, however, takes us with boldness and sureness to India. Here the author is at home, and her stories of Indian life, its mystery, its inexplicability, its alien virtues and creeds, impress us, as heretofore, with her keen insight, her appreciation of racial instincts and differences, her sympathetic treatment of "her own people." Readers will compare this favourably with her first collection published a few years ago, *From the Five Rivers*, which, we still think, shows Mrs. Steel's work at its highest artistic level. The accompanying portrait is from a photograph taken at Turiff, Aberdeenshire, near which town Mrs. Steel's country retreat, Dunlugas, is situated.

❀

Mrs. F. A. Steel contributes the leading story to the Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News*. The Christmas issues of this perennially interesting weekly and of the *Graphic* are laden with seasonable treasure-trove for pleasure-seekers in fiction and pictorial fun. Among the contributors are Max Pemberton, Stanley J. Weyman, S. R. Crockett, H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, Sir Walter Besant, and Bret Harte, each of whom seems to have been ordered to write in the vein he has made peculiarly his own. The large coloured illustrations are, as usual, an added attraction. *The Lady's Pictorial* and the *Figaro* in English are also out in Yule-tide splendour. The International News Company are the American publishers.

❀

Catulle Mendès, whose dramatic criticisms perhaps constitute his best work, has just published the second volume of *L'Art au Théâtre*, a collection of criticisms contributed to various papers. Mendès's judgments in dramatic matters now carry quite as much weight as those of Sarcey or Lemaître. He is more in harmony with new ideas than either of the older writers.

❀

Early this year the Kelmscott Press will be closed. Some books will be turned out before then, among others an account by William Morris of the foundation of the Press, and a collection of early German woodcuts. On the whole it is well that the business should be given up, now that its master-spirit can no longer inspire and control it.

❀

A new book, entitled *Millions of Bubbles*, by Gertrude Atherton, the author of *Patience Sparhawk*, is now in press.

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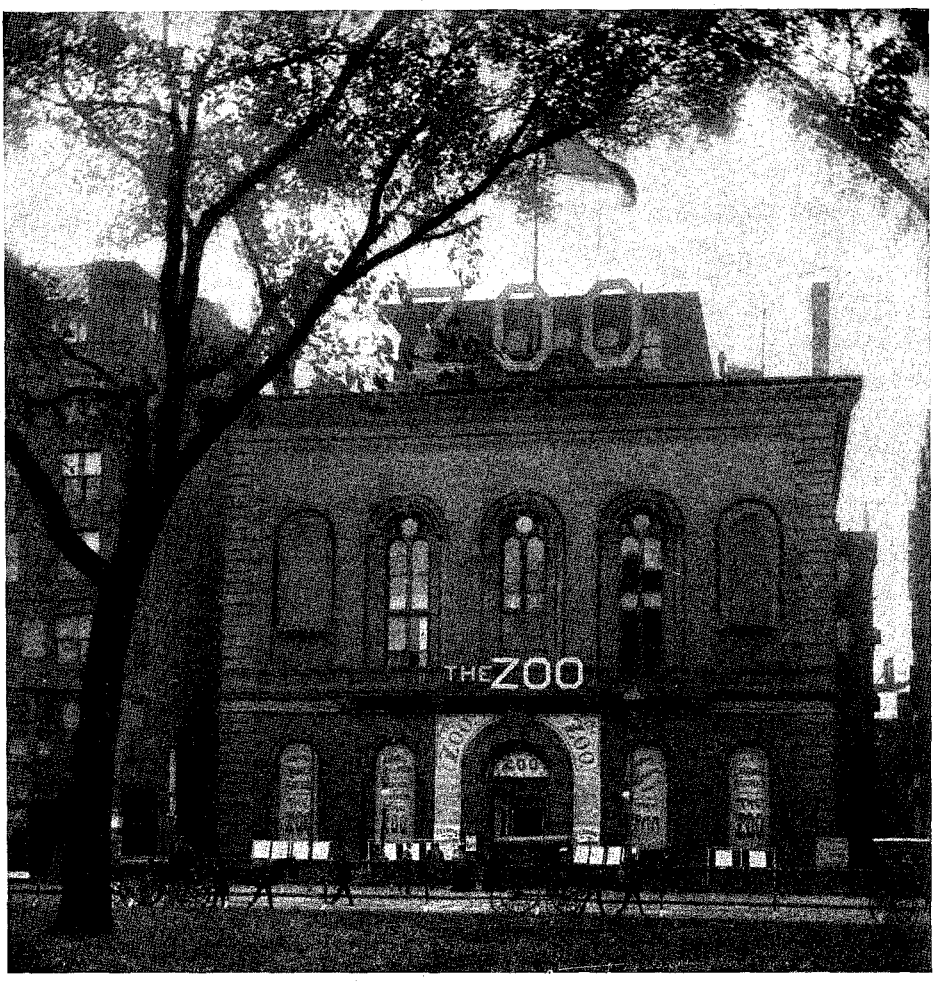

THE LIONS OF BOSTON.

(*The old Boston Public Library is now occupied by a menagerie.*)

A Literary Zoo !
Whe———ew !
I had heard of this in Boston, but now I see it's true !
A Library of wonders, a collection all in cages,
Full of Literary Lions with their pens in inky rages.
And all on exhibition at a very moderate fee—
Oh, stockings blue of Boston, *do*—please come along and see !

A Literary Zoo !
A Spectacle to view !
Boston used to keep them private, but now they'll roar for you.
Now they name 'em and they tame 'em, and they shame 'em and they brand 'em,
And in spite of guttural dialect, a child can understand 'em.
Here's a Panther with a Purpose and a Problematic Tail,
And mark these neat poetic feet ! An Educated Snail !

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A Literary Zoo !
So really clever, too !
Ah, what ghostly authors shudder from the shelves that once they knew !
In the alcoves that the sometime Literary Lights invaded,
Now the plagiaristic monkey thinks he does as well as they did,
And the Unenlightened Publishers assemble here to gaze
While the anaconda swallows undiscriminating praise !

Gelett Burgess.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

I sent up my thoughts like roses
To climb to the casement of Love,
But no face ever shone in the darkness,
No whisper e'er beckoned above.

And now that the casement stands open,
And now that the door stands wide,
'Tis no longer a man, warm and breathing,
But a shadow that flits outside.

I. Zangwill.

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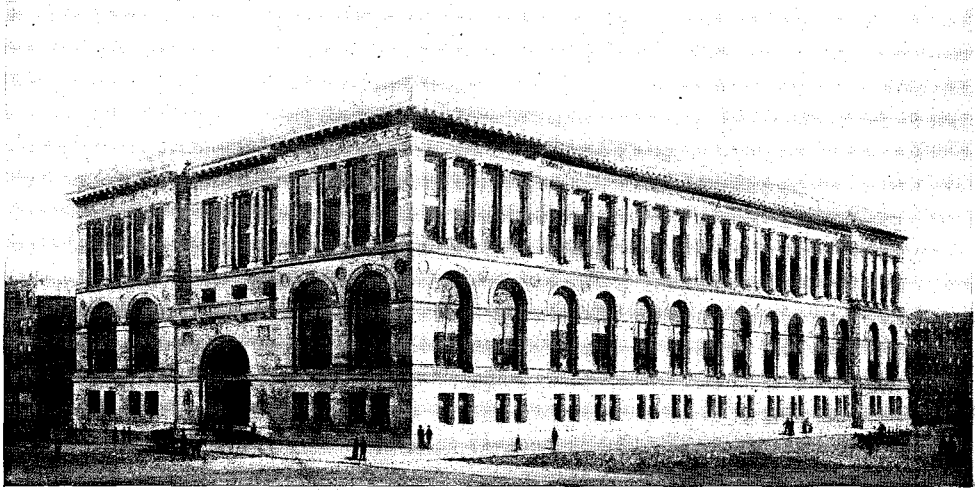

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

LIBRARIES AND LIBRARIANS.

Of the world's libraries, the National Library of France is the largest, containing over 2,600,000 bound volumes, and about half that number of pamphlets.

The British Museum has, however, the largest collection of manuscripts in the world, and probably the largest and most valuable collection of Bibles, although the library at Stuttgart has hitherto been supposed to possess that honour. Its Shakespeariana are the most complete in the world, as, too, are its Caxton imprints. Its Chinese books alone number 27,000 volumes. Its great printed catalogue, begun in 1881, is not yet completed.

Our own Library of Congress, or National Library, as it ought more properly to be called, stands *fifth* in the list of the world's libraries in the number of its volumes; but the libraries of the United States contain more books than those of France, Great Britain, and Germany combined. There are here, according to the most recent report (1893), 3804 libraries supported wholly or in part by public moneys. In 1850, the year in which the free public library movement began, the estimated number of such institutions—very few without a subscription fee—was 694, which shows the enormous increase in less than fifty years. The libraries founded by bequest during that time, the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden, in New York; the Newberry and Crerar institutions at Chicago; the Carnegie Libraries at Pittsburg and Allegheny; and the Enoch Pratt Library at Baltimore, are merely prominent examples from the long catalogue of private munificence. The Boston Public Library, for example, spends an annual income of $240,000; and other libraries are in receipt of contributions in money and books, the aggregate value of which is enormous. It needs but the merest surface examination to discover what an important feature of our municipal and social life the public library has become.

The father of the subscription library in this country is Benjamin Franklin, to whose suggestion is due the existence of the present Library Company of Philadelphia, numbering 188,000 volumes and some 30,000 pamphlets. Mr. James G. Barnwell, formerly in charge of the library of the University of Pennsylvania, has been at its head since 1887. Mr. Barnwell graduated from a Philadelphia high school in 1850, and for thirteen years taught school in that city. He and Samuel J. Randall were the youngest members who ever sat in the Common Council. His innate love of books is illustrated by the fact that he is the possessor of a valuable private library, and his enthusiasm as a biblio-

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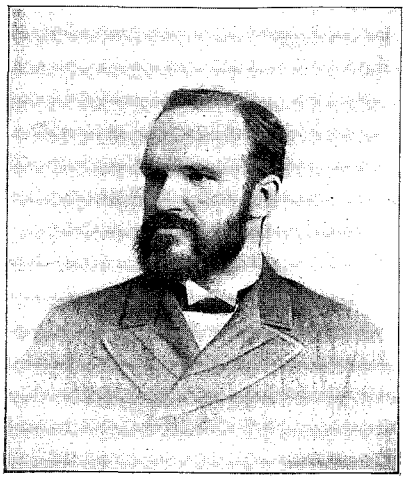


MELVIL DEWEY,
Head of Albany Library School.

phile may be gathered from his contributions, continued for a long period of years, to that unique English publication, *Notes and Queries*.

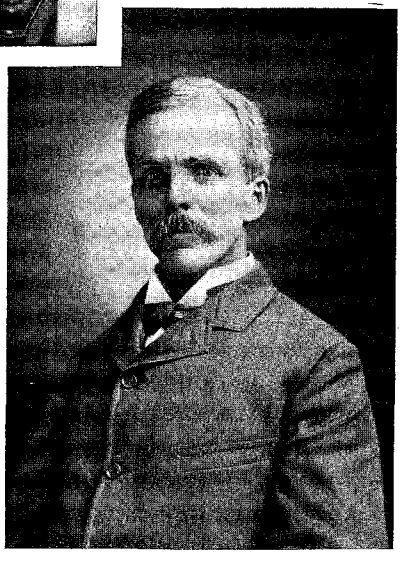
This library, sometimes called the Philadelphia Library, is not to be confounded with the Philadelphia Free Public Library, of which John Thompson is librarian, and which has branches in various parts of the city. The latter institution is said to have a larger circulation than any similar library in this country or England. It is the youngest of the great libraries of Philadelphia, having been opened in 1892. Among the popular subscription libraries of Philadelphia is the Mercantile. It is not so old as the Philadelphia Library Company, it having originated in 1821 from a notice inviting the merchants and merchants' clerks, and those friendly to the formation of a Mercantile Library Association, to meet in the Mayor's Court Room; and in January of the following year, the rooms of the second story at 100 Chestnut Street were engaged at a rental of $150 per year, and a librarian at a salary of $100 per year, from which it will be seen that the public estimate of the value of a librarian's services has risen somewhat in seventy years, though the highest rewards of the profession are still inferior to those of the best class of French cooks.

In the year preceding the call for the meeting that resulted in the establishment of the Mercantile Library, its present librarian, John Edmands, was born on a farm in Massachusetts, served an apprenticeship as a house carpenter, and in 1847 graduated from Yale. It was while at Yale that he received his first introduction to library work; and the system of references to subjects in magazines and reviews, which he prepared at that time, was the germ which was afterward developed into Poole's Index, so indispensable a help to writers and students.

Other important Philadelphia libraries are the Apprentices', the Athenæum, the Drexel Institute, and the University of Pennsylvania.

HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian Boston Public Library.

We can speak but briefly of University libraries; oldest and most notable of these, the great library of Harvard, famous for its Americana; of Princeton, soon to possess a magnificent home; of Cornell, with its 159,000 volumes; of Columbia, with its 175,000 volumes, rich in political economy, and remarkable for its rapid accumulation, a collection which, though designed primarily for the use of the University, is open, under certain restric-



WILLIAM H. BRETT,
President American Library Association and Librarian Cleveland (O.) Public Library.

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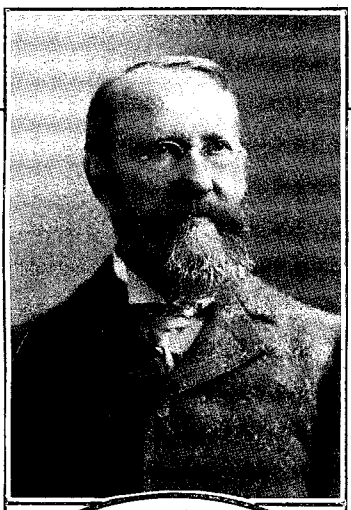
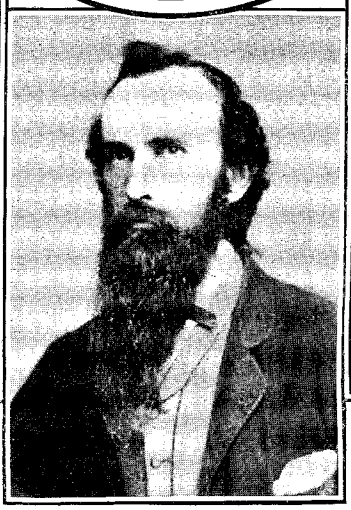
CHARLES K. BOLTON,
Brookline, Mass.



ALFRED S. COLLINS,
Rochester, N. Y.

JOHN EDMANDS,
Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, Pa.



JAMES K. HOSMER,
Minneapolis, Minn.

JAMES J. BARNWELL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAROLINE M. HEWINS,
Hartford, Conn.

GEORGE F. WINCHESTER,
Paterson, N. J.

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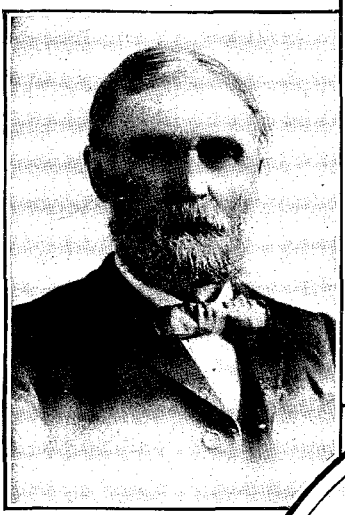
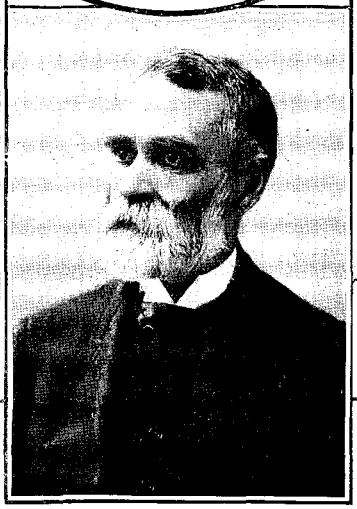


E. S. Wilcox,
Peoria, Ill.

Willis A. Bardwell,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. H. Anderson,
Pittsburg, Pa.



Willis K. Stetson,
New Haven, Conn.

Samuel S. Green,
Worcester, Mass.

William M. Stevenson,
Allgheny, Pa.

Mrs. Agnes Hills,
Bridgeport, Conn.

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tions, to the public; and the libraries of many other colleges, religious and secular, and which have grown by generous bequests to enormous proportions in the lapse of years. Nor can we allude in detail to State libraries; to the many special governmental collections; to libraries of the Historical, Geographical, Genealogical, and Archæological Societies, many of them of great value.

Among the first of State libraries must be named our own State Library at Albany, with its 314,543 volumes, nearly a quarter of a million manuscripts, and a large pamphlet collection. Established in 1818, it is one of the first State libraries in time, and is easily the first in resources. A feature of this institution is its travelling libraries, a system which enables small localities in the State to receive the benefit for six months of the circulation among its population of a limited number of the best and latest books. Any town may obtain this privilege by a petition bearing the signatures of twenty-five resident taxpayers. Over three hundred of these travelling libraries are now being moved about the State. The director of the first State library in the Union is a man who is generally considered the first of librarians, Mr. Melvil Dewey. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the position in library circles which Mr. Dewey occupies. He comes to librarianship from the educational, not the bookish side. Twenty-five years ago he became imbued with the idea that libraries were the necessary complement of the schools in any satisfactory scheme of public education. The realisation of this ideal he chose as his life work, and this accounts for the fact, to which attention has often been called, that for almost a generation he has been the pioneer in nearly all the movements and organisations for promoting general library interests.

First in time and importance is the American Library Association, of which mention will be made hereafter, and which is Mr. Dewey's conception of a national society of those most interested in the modern library idea. For fifteen years he was its secretary and executive officer. When he insisted on retiring he was elected president, and again took the helm for the ten days international meeting at Chicago, during the Columbian Exposition.

Of the *Library Journal*, which won and has held its place for twenty years as the leading library periodical of the world, he was editor for the first five years. In June, 1886, he started the cheaper library quarterly, *Library Notes*, of which he has always been editor. January 5th, 1887, he opened the first school for the training of librarians in the world at Columbia, and is still its director, it having been transferred from Columbia University to the State, soon after Mr. Dewey's removal to Albany. In 1892 he drafted the law which was passed by the New York Legislature, and which is considered the most comprehensive and far-reaching library law yet placed upon the statutes of any State or nation, for in it the library is for the first time fully recognised as taking its place beside the public school, as a part of the State's educational system. Mr. Dewey is the author of the famous Dewey system of classification, which has enormously simplified the work of the librarian.

Among public libraries, that of Boston ranks first—the noblest institution of its kind in America, and the largest free circulating library in the world. On its shelves are many volumes of great rarity relating to American colonial and national history, a nearly unequalled collection of works on the fine arts, and many original manuscripts of much value. The total number of its volumes in over 600,000; and under Mr. Herbert Putnam, now its librarian, and formerly librarian of the public library at Minneapolis, is a force of assistant librarians and clerical assistants of over two hundred. The library building ranks next to the library of Congress (so called), the noblest home of books in the country, and in its interior decorations surpasses that of the National Library. The severely classic beauty of its architecture, rising amid the more picturesque and showy, but less impressive structures of Copley Square, is emblematic of the enduring character of that knowledge and learning to the service of which this magnificent temple is dedicated. One cannot but regret the necessity of dismissing with these few lines, the brevity of which is made necessary by a plan that shall comprehend a general survey of

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the subject, a library which is inclusive of so much, and which is in a general way, in the character and greatness of its aim and scope, typical of all others.

The ownership of the Boston Athenæum library of 188,000 volumes is vested in 1049 shareholders, who, with their families, have the use of the library and the privilege of sharing its use to a certain extent with friends. Strangers are permitted access to its shelves under certain restrictions. The Athenæum's librarian, Mr. William C. Lane, was assistant librarian of Harvard College from 1887–93, in which year he assumed the position he now fills.

There are a number of highly important public libraries in Massachusetts in the three hundred or more outside of the city of Boston. Massachusetts is, indeed, the banner State. Worcester possesses a library of nearly a hundred thousand volumes, and a librarian, Samuel Swett Green, who is known far and wide for his successful efforts in an important special field. It is generally conceded that the close association of the public library and the public school has been greatly stimulated throughout the country by the action of the Worcester Library. A later development along these lines has been the establishment of classes for the study of subjects by those who wish to avail themselves of such opportunity. Mr. Green was born in 1837, graduated from Harvard in 1858, became a director of the Worcester Library in 1867, and librarian in 1871. He was one of the founders of the American Library Association, and in 1891 was its president.

The citizens of Springfield might object to having the library of Worcester mentioned before theirs, for the former contains 90,000 volumes, and is estimated as ranking *eighth* among the public libraries of the country, and *first* in the number of volumes to population. Its venerable librarian, Dr. William Rice, who died in his seventy-sixth year on August 17th, was an old anti-slavery leader, and in 1853 received the degree of M.A. from the Wesleyan University, and in 1876 the degree of D.D. from the same institution. He had held the position which he occupied at the time of his death since 1861.

Brookline, Mass., said to be the richest community for its size in the United States, has a library, and a librarian who is among the youngest in the country, being under thirty. But Charles K. Bolton has already won a deservedly high place by his writings on subjects connected with libraries and library management, and by a profound sense of the responsibility of his office. Mr. Bolton, whose mother is the well-known writer, Sarah Knowles Bolton, is himself the author of several books, among which are *The Wooing of Martha Pitkin*, which has passed through three editions, and *The Love Story of Ursula Wolcott*.

Taunton has a public library of about 45,000 volumes. Mr. Joshua E. Crane, formerly in charge of the Y. M. C. A. Library at Albany, the father of all Y. M. C. A. libraries in this State, is its administrator. Mr. Crane was for several years instructor in the Protestant College in Syria, and later instructor in the classics at the Albany Academy.

Several of the cities of Connecticut have large public libraries. New Haven has a free public library, over which Mr. W. K. Stetson has presided since 1887. Hartford has a public library of some prominence, with a woman well known in library circles at its head—Miss Caroline M. Hewins. Miss Hewins is a lecturer on children's literature to the New York State Library School. Her library work was begun at the Boston Athenæum at a time when the famous Dr. W. H. Poole was its librarian, an association the benefit of which no one would admit more eagerly than Miss Hewins. Bridgeport has a library of some 30,000 volumes, of which Miss Agnes Hills is librarian; and Waterbury has a library with a collection considerably larger.

The Providence, R. I., Library of over 75,000 volumes has a famous librarian for its head—William E. Foster.

Among the benefactions of Andrew Carnegie must be named the great library at Pittsburg, and the smaller one at Allegheny. Mr. E. H. Anderson, the librarian of the first named, is a Western man, and was formerly a cataloguer in the Newberry Library at Chicago. The library has but 26,000 volumes, with a shelf capacity of 300,000; it has, however, been opened to the public only a little more than a year, and the popularity of the institution has gone beyond the most sanguine expectations of the founder. The Carnegie Library at Al-

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legheny has 29,000 volumes, but is increasing its collection rapidly. Mr. William M. Stevenson, its librarian, when taking charge, had no previous library experience, and was obliged—in common, in fact, with all his assistants—to learn from the beginning the details of library work.

One of the most important events of the near future will be the bringing together in the New York Public Library of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. Ever since its beginning the Astor Library has closed its doors at the only hours when it can be used by those to whom public libraries are of the most value. As for the Lenox, that is an institution which recalls the traditions of the time when the books of public libraries were chained to the cases. Of course it will be said that the Lenox is not a library of general reference ; that its works are rarities, and often of great value ; yet it does seem that its usefulness might be increased by some more liberal opportunities of access. It remains to be said, however, that there has been an improvement in the management of the Lenox in recent years, and that this criticism is happily losing its force. The Astor and the Lenox are too much a part of New York to be spoken of slightingly. The Egyptology of the first and the Americana of the second are nearly unrivalled. S. Austin Allibone, the author of the *Dictionary of Authors*, was once a librarian of the second ; Frederick Saunders, author of *Salad for the Solitary*, at one time an extremely popular book, and now by no means wholly forgotten, was for thirty-five years at the Astor, and has only the other day, at the age of *eighty-nine*, retired from his librarianship, which he has honoured for so many years. And now that these libraries are to be merged in one, let us cease to think unkindly of their imperfections, and recall only the delightful features of their management which have made them of inestimable value to writers and students.

New York had no free circulating library until what is sometimes called the Bond Street Library—its real name being the New York Free Circulating Library—was born, the Mercantile and Apprentices' being subscription libraries. The Y. M. C. A. Library is not free, the use of its books being conditioned upon the payment of a small annual fee. Its collection of works on architecture and the fine arts would probably surprise those not aware of its value.

The Brooklyn Library has 127,000 volumes. Stephen B. Noyes, whom old Brooklyn book lovers remember with gratitude, was succeeded by Mr. Willis A. Bardwell, the present incumbent. There are few libraries so generally used for reference as this one, its theological and musical collections being especially abundant, and its general works of ample and liberal selection. This library is not free, but its subscription fee is small, and its membership shows a slight yearly increase. Brooklyn, however, has a free circulating library in that of the Pratt Institute, founded by the munificence of Mr. Charles Pratt. It has a collection of 61,000 volumes, and is one of the few libraries, if not the only one, where children too young to read may draw books—which in this case, of course, are picture books. The children, too, have a library and reading room "all their own." This especial consideration for the young is due, perhaps, to the fact that its librarian is a woman, Miss Mary W. Plummer, a graduate and former teacher in the New York State Library School.

A word as to library schools. The calling of a library assistant is an occupation requiring far more technical knowledge and training than is commonly supposed. During the last twenty years library work has been so systematised that a thorough instruction in all its branches necessitates years of laborious preparation. Library schools have therefore arisen in obedience to the need of carefully trained assistants ; and courses of library training have been introduced into the curriculum of many of our colleges. The New York State Library School at Albany, the first in time, in requirements for admission and graduation, and in repute, is now drawing pupils from every State in the Union, and to some extent from foreign countries.

It is quite impossible within the limits of a magazine article even to refer to the many libraries which for one reason or another merit extended notice. We have been, therefore, obliged to content ourselves with indicating a few of the more important. We are to remember

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that there are over 5000 public libraries in the United States, for they must at least have reached that number since the 1893 report was issued. There has been an enormous increase in the number of these institutions within a generation. This increase, however, is less significant than the enormous increase in the number of volumes in public libraries, an enormously increased circulation, and a very largely increased use of books confined to the reference room, wherever statistics are kept of such use. Every year adds to the importance of "the missions and the missionaries of the book," to adopt a happy phrase of Mr. J. N. Larned, late Superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library. It is calculated that the libraries of New York State possess 4,000,000 books, about one quarter of which are in free libraries. New York County has 997 books to every 1000 persons.

Outside of New York City, one of the most important libraries in the State is perhaps the Reynolds Library, so called from the name of its founder, Mortimer F. Reynolds, at Rochester, of which Alfred S. Collins is librarian.

New Jersey, though facetiously accused of being out of the Union, is very much in it in the matter of comparative library statistics. The public library at Jersey City, under the supervision of Miss E. Burdick, ranks *fourth* in circulation in proportion to population of all the libraries in the country, and has over 50,000 volumes. The Paterson Library was, however, the first free public library in New Jersey, founded under a law passed in 1884, a law which is considered among the best library laws of the various States. It possesses about 27,000 volumes, and is in charge of Mr. G. F. Winchester. Its former librarian, Mr. Frank P. Hill, is now at the head of the Newark Library, he having been called from the Lowell (Mass.) Free Public Library, where he had served as librarian for a number of years. A feature of interest connected with these three flourishing public libraries of New Jersey is their rapid growth in accessions and circulation.

The West, though behind the East in the number and value of its public libraries, is not, when measured by the youth and comparative poverty of its cities, so very far in the rear of the older and wealthier section. Chicago's Public Library is generally held to rank second only to that of Boston; and as early as 1852 San Francisco had taken the first step toward a municipal library in the formation of a Mercantile Library Association. Other libraries arose at the same time. To-day Oakland and Los Angeles possess public libraries, the fame of which has travelled far beyond those cities.

The Chicago Library is supposed to lead the world in the home circulation of its books, but it will be observed that a similar claim is made for the Philadelphia Free Public Library, and we are at present without data to estimate these conflicting claims. Comparative library statistics of circulation are not always reliable, since some are made to include items which in other estimates are excluded, such as the circulation of periodicals and the use of books in reference and reading room. So, too, the figures of circulation of libraries in cities where there are distributing branches will as a rule, other things being equal, surpass the circulation in cities where no such branches exist. Of the 1,173,586 volumes taken from the Chicago Library for home use, more than half were issued through its thirty-one delivery stations.

Chicago, besides its splendid free public library, has the Newberry, founded in 1882, of which William F. Poole was librarian. The Crerar bequest of $3,000,000 is another magnificent benefaction destined to add to the intellectual greatness of the metropolis of the West.

The Free Public Library of Peoria, Ill., is the largest public library, relative to population, of any west of New England, with a collection of 58,000 volumes. Its librarian, Mr. E. S. Willcox, is the author of the Illinois State library law, which has served as a model for several other States.

The Public Library at Minneapolis has about 85,000 volumes, and is remarkable as having one of the largest *per capita* circulations. Herbert Putnam, its librarian in 1892, was succeeded in that year by James K. Hosmer. Mr. Hosmer has made several notable contributions to our historical literature in his "Lives" of Samuel Adams (American Statesmen Series), Sir Henry Vane, and Thomas Hutchinson, the old Tory governor of Colonial Massachusetts, works which are as interesting as romances. Mr. Hosmer was a trustee of

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the St. Louis Public Library up to 1892, when he passed, as he cleverly expresses it, "from the grub condition of the trustee into a beautiful librarian butterfly." Two other cities of the West, St. Paul and Milwaukee, have large and important public libraries.

The public library of Cincinnati has 215,596 volumes. Its circulation is very large, even relatively to the great number of its volumes. William F. Poole, who appears to have been associated in an official capacity with almost all the great public libraries at one time or another during his active and useful life, was once its librarian, but it is at present under the charge of A. W. Whelpley. Mr. Whelpley served an apprenticeship in Robert Craighead's printing office, corner of Fulton and Dutch streets, this city, where De Vinne was a fellow-workman. In this office Mr. Whelpley met many of the literary lights of old New York, some of whom posterity has chosen to forget, but a few of whom are still known to book lovers — the Duyckinks, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Tuckerman, Fenimore Cooper. It is interesting to note that the manuscript of *Salad for the Solitary*, Frederick Saunders's well-known book, passed through the young printer's hands on its way to the public "more years ago," says Mr. Whelpley, "than I care to remember."

Another public library of Ohio, of which mention should not be omitted, is that of Cleveland, in charge of Mr. William H. Brett, first president of the State Library Association of Ohio and now president of the American Library Association. Mr. Brett has compiled a catalogue of the Cleveland Library which those qualified to know pronounce one of the best ever issued.

Among Western public libraries, that of Omaha is a not unimportant one. The total number of volumes in this library is 52,000, in charge of Mr. W. H. Barrows. The highly creditable fact is to be remembered that this library, with an active and efficient management keeping pace with the needs of the community, is supported independently of any State library law by a city the population of which was returned in the census of 1890 at 140,000.

The South is behind the West in the number and importance of its public libraries. Yet the Library Society of Charleston, S. C., dates as far back as 1748. The Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans owes its existence to a gift of $350,000 from Mrs. Annie F. Howard. It possesses a wholly unique collection of works on Louisiana and many rare treasures. The Howard Library is in charge of Mr. William Beer.

Another Southern library of prominence is the Public Library of St. Louis, with about 100,000 volumes. Mr. F. M. Crunden, a former president of the American Library Association, is its progressive and enlightened head, and is recognised everywhere as one of the ablest librarians of the country. His services to "the higher life" of St. Louis merit more than this passing allusion. Memphis, Tenn., has a large free library, given to the city by the heirs of Frederick H. Cossett. The Enoch Pratt Free Public Library of Baltimore, with its 170,000 volumes, stands high in the list of free libraries of the South. Lewis H. Steiner, its first librarian, was succeeded at his death, in 1892, by his son, Bernard H. Steiner.

A word in conclusion of the American Library Association. Organised in 1876, it has grown year by year in membership and influence. Its first president was the late Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard College, and associated with him were Lloyd P. Smith, A. R. Spofford, and William F. Poole, as vice-presidents. Mr. Melvil Dewey was its executive officer, and had charge of its offices for fifteen years. He is generally regarded as the real founder of the association. With the present administration of Mr. Brett are associated Mr. George Watson Cole, formerly librarian of the Jersey City Public Library, Hannah P. James, of the Osterhant Public Library, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and J. C. Dana, of the Denver (Col.) Library, compiler of a well-known *Public Library Handbook*. The secretary of the American Library Association is Rutherford P. Hayes, son of the late ex-President Hayes. Mr. Hayes was for some time trustee of the Birchard Library, at Tremont, O., and in 1889 became a member of the American Library Association. This association has been the means of establishing intimate and cordial relations between the librarians of the country, and has enormously conduced to advance the practical efficiency of "the missions and the missionaries of the book."

Joseph Dana Miller.

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ONE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS FOR A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

Although I have not been requested to suggest a list of a hundred best books for a village library, it so happens that I have long felt an interest in the subject, and have, at several times, considered how to make the best selection for the purpose. Consequently I cannot deem myself presumptuous in offering some remarks on the article of Mr. Clement K. Shorter in THE BOOKMAN for December, and in suggesting a modification of his list which, I think, may be an improvement.

It seems to me that the selection should be made in accordance with the following propositions :

1. Book-reading is one of the means of education.

2. The proper aims of education are also the proper aims of book-reading, as far as it can subserve such aims.

3. The proper aims of education are —to cultivate and improve the faculties of body and mind, and to store the mind with useful knowledge, so as to fit the individual for making the best of life.

4. To these purposes, therefore, book-reading ought to be subsidiary.

5. It follows also that book-reading should not be regarded merely as an amusement or a pastime.

If these propositions be true, it must appear that a list which does not contain any books "merely of information" must be seriously deficient.

Mr. Shorter is careful to point out that the hundred best books for a village library are not necessarily the hundred best books in the language ; but it is apparently needful also to remember that they are not those that happen to be comprised in an arbitrary definition of the term "literature."

To Mr. Shorter's definition of this term as a presentation of "life in an artistic form," must, I think, be added —the presentation of truth. To give to scientific discourses a literary or artistic form ought to be quite possible, and I believe, as a matter of fact, is often done. The sweeping assertion that "no man of science has ever been an artist," is one against which I feel bound to protest. Of the two men whom he names as examples, Huxley, in connection with his literary presentation of truth, is certainly entitled to be called an artist—a dictum which, I ought to add, is entirely independent of friendship. So, too, ought to be esteemed John Tyndal, Sir W. R. Grove, R. A. Proctor, and Sir R. S. Ball. These are only a few examples from our own literature, but does Mr. Shorter deny that Goethe was an artist? And does any one assert that he was not a man of science ?

It is easy to understand the tendency in human nature to overestimate the value and importance of those subjects to which we have devoted our attention with cost of money, time, and pains, and to depreciate others of which we know either little or nothing. But we must beware of such an error in choosing books for a variety of other people, and we should think of their needs as well as their wants. They should have the opportunity of a wider and more beneficent culture than Mr. Shorter's list would afford. And if only a very small proportion of the readers should avail themselves of the books of information, that would be justification enough for their admission into the list. Nay, if they were not read at all for years (which is incredible), but only occasionally looked into, they would not be useless. Some intelligent person—a youth most probably—might, sooner or later, find in them the bread his soul was hungering for, and he might thereby be enabled to discover his life's vocation. And it is quite conceivable that if the novel which a reader wants may happen to be out, he may be induced to take, reluctantly perhaps, Clodd's *Story of Creation*, Laing's *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, or Huxley's *Physiology*, and for the rest of his life may bless the day on which he did so.

In suggesting the following books as needful for a village library, I do not mean that they should be simply added to Mr. Shorter's hundred, but that they should be substituted for a corresponding number in his list that can best be spared.

Even with this emendation, the reasonable claims of relaxation and recreation have not been forgotten, but it

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should be remembered that true recreation depends quite as much upon diversion as upon mere amusement.

W. Fleming Phillips.

List of books to be added to Mr. Shorter's selection for a village library, instead of an equal number to be removed.

1. The Story of Creation. By E. Clodd.
2. Modern Science and Modern Thought. By S. Laing.
3. Lessons in Elementary Astronomy. By Proctor.
4. School Manual of Geology. By Jukes-Brown. Or the smaller text-book of either of the Geikies.
5. Elementary Lessons in Botany. By Oliver.
6. Lessons in Physiology. By Huxley.
7. Physiography. By Huxley.
8. Lessons in Logic. By Jevons.
9. Elementary Physics. By Everett, or Balfour Stewart.
10. Elementary Chemistry. By Ramsay.
11. Elementary Biology. By Campbell.
12. Hygiene. By Dr. Whitelegge. Or Public Health. By Dr. Willoughby.
13. The Personal Care of Health. By Dr. E. Parkes.
14. My Schools and Schoolmasters. By Hugh Miller.
15. Cassell's Concise Cyclopædia.
16. This World of Ours. By Arnold-Forster.
17. The Laws of Every Day Life. By Arnold-Forster.
18. The Citizen Reader. By Arnold-Forster.
19. The Science of Every Day Life. By J. A. Bower.
20. A good, small, recent Geographical Atlas.
21. A good practical book of lessons on Drawing. (Ruskin's Elements of Drawing is not practical enough, and in some respects is out of date.)
22. Shakespeare's Plays in one volume.

The books that I suggest should be removed from Mr. Shorter's list in order to make room for the above-mentioned works are numbered by him as follows :

No. 4, 6, 8, 11, 13, 14, 15, 27, 30, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 57, 62, 64, 75, 93, 94, 99.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

DEAR SIRS: My attention has been drawn to an article in THE BOOKMAN for December on the choice of books for a village library, and as I have been librarian to one ever since 1875, I think a few words of my experience may be useful.

During all these years I have given out the books myself, and have taken every opportunity of finding out what books are wished for. The village is small (600 inhabitants), but the people are fond of reading, and fairly intelligent, and although the library has been open twenty-two years, the average number keeps about the same, and most of the subscribers take out fresh books each week. After this long experience I have come to the following conclusions. Short histories (such as Green's) are liked, but anything like Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Bryce's *Roman Empire*, or Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* would not be read. Poetry is *never taken out*. Some biographies are liked, also bright, interesting books of travels. Novels and stories are the most popular, and I think it a good sign that really good novels are liked the best. Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, C. Brontë, Stevenson, Miss Yonge, are most popular, but I fear the rural mind would never appreciate the satire in *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels*, etc., while Goethe's *Faust* and Dante's works would never be understood. Village intellects are not so quick as town ones, and take much longer to grasp the full inner meaning of a subject. I believe the list of a hundred books given in your number might be a good one for a town workmen's library, but not at all suitable for a village one.

Ellis Fane.

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FROM OUR TOWN.

When I pour the hot, clean water from the kettle into the shiny dishpan, my spirits rise with the steam. When I dash the soap to and fro, and the wholesome heated smell arises, I find myself singing a little tune.

When dishes, knives, forks, pans, and, above all, butter dishes, have passed the boiling ordeal, and stand in cleanly rows on the table, I look — not at these, but into the dishpan. Alas! a murky liquidity with minute, circling globes of grease, crumbs and slowly cooking egg fragments. And as I look, I know that a spoon lies forgotten at the bottom, and that I must fish for it.

"JEST CUMFTUBLE CRAZY."

It is a mistake to object to this. The well-regulated mind should either rise superior or else accept the inevitable. I have tried both ways. I have become lost in thought over an illustration to be planned later in the morning—and wiped a frying-pan with a clean towel intended for the silver. When I tried to accept the inevitable, my mind wandered off to the different conceptions of the Fates, and as I couldn't possibly remember whether Lachesis cut or twisted the thread, I went off to the library to look it up, with the dish-towel under my arm.

In the light of these failures I have come to the rather sententious conclusion that the only way to do is to give my whole and undivided attention to the dishpan for the time being, and I am amazed and delighted with the result. I am saddened by the fact that my mind is not well regulated, but I am comforted by the thought that people with well-regulated minds are often monotonous. They are active enough, but they move along like a clock that keeps good time and strikes when it should. One of our clocks has just become vocally deranged. It points primly and reliably at the right hour, minute, and second, but at the quarter hours it tells the most awful fibs. It ought not to strike at the quarters at all, but at fifteen minutes past eight it blandly remarks that it is ten. Now there is a great difference between a quarter past eight and ten, for at ten the dishes would be done. I have begged them to leave that clock as it is, for whenever it strikes, I can wonder what I might be doing if it had spoken the truth. The beauty of it all is that the clock has a new suggestive lie for each hour, and is an unfailing spur to the imagination.

They were talking a day or two ago about "Lucindy" Cowles. "Lucindy" is just about as much deranged as our clock, and there is no more need of sending her away than there is of sending our clock to the jeweller's. The doctor wants to find a place for her in some "Home," but her mother protests.

"There ain't no harm in Lucindy," she said. "She's jest cumftuble crazy." And so Lucindy stays at home, has a "faculty" with flowers, and is content. She lives on the back road a little aside from the town—just as her

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mind lives a little aside from other minds.

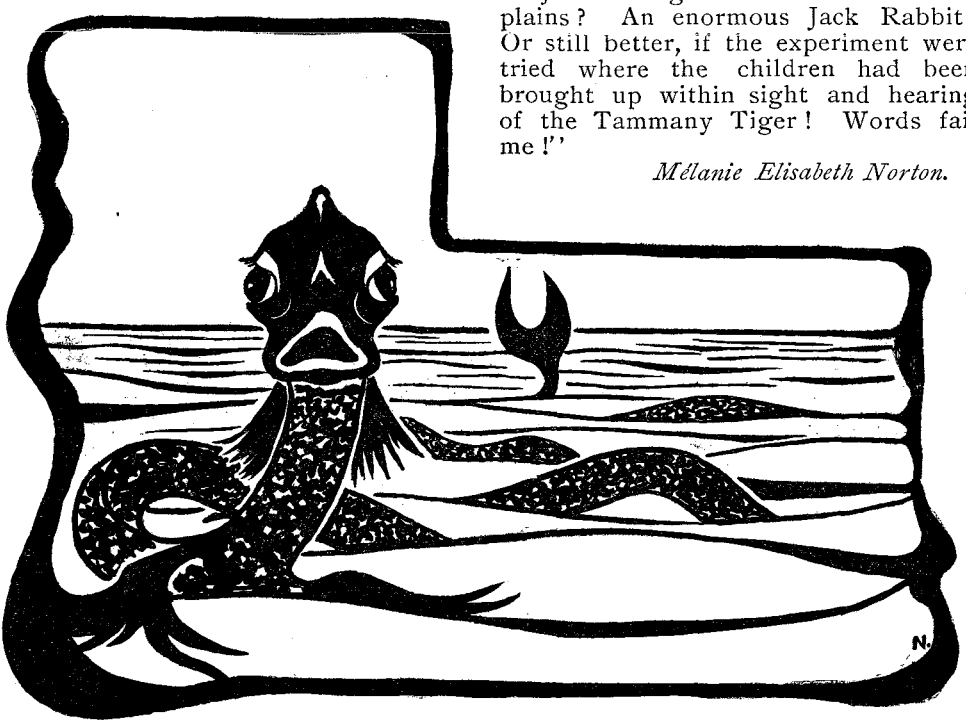
The High-School teacher came in the other day, and wanted subjects for daily themes. He said he had come to the end of his resources, and when he told the children to write whatever they liked, they all wrote about sunsets, and kept on writing about them day after day. He heartily approved of sunsets himself and Observation of Nature, but found a certain monotony. Just then it was a quarter past nine, and the clock struck twelve. Under its imaginative inspiration he decided to give "Dragons" as the next subject.

Now our High School building stands on a hill by itself. Over the roofs of the town there is a splendid stretch of sea-line and a long yellow band of beach. Then dunes and the salt-marsh. I can see the children as they climb the stony road, and I know just how the sea-line rises to meet them as they gain the top, until at the door-step the world looks round and a thing to be conquered. Through the marsh runs the creek in a twisting spiral, like a silver snake. And when those forty children left the wind and the sea behind them, and went in to write about a Dragon—all but four made him a Sea-Serpent! There were variations, it is true. Sometimes he had fins, sometimes flippers—sometimes he was all tail. When he had fins he usually had teeth to match. When he was all tail he had large eyes, but he always lived in the salt water. Only one boy, and he was the parson's son, had the classic idea of a Dragon with scales, wings, and claws, and a fiery breath.

The High-School teacher was inclined to draw all kinds of intricate conclusions about environment, unconscious influence, and local colour. I heard only part of what he said, because I was planning how that Sea Serpent would look on paper in black and white—but I have no doubt it was most reasonable and intelligent.

"What," said the High-School teacher, "would be the effect if the same subject were given to a school on the plains? An enormous Jack Rabbit? Or still better, if the experiment were tried where the children had been brought up within sight and hearing of the Tammany Tiger! Words fail me!"

Mélanie Elisabeth Norton.



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DR. JOHNSON'S POLITICS.

"Johnson, though a bigoted Tory," says Macaulay, "was not quite such a fool" as Croker would make him. In fact, Macaulay's restriction is somewhat superficial and demands much limitation. A bantering attempt was lately made to prove to the Johnson Club, meeting in Fleet Street, that Johnson was a Whig. His Toryism was carried on his sleeve, but it was too abstract and too conventional to be quite genuine. Every one knows his sayings that the first Whig was the devil; that in his parliamentary reports he took care that the Whig dogs did not get the best of it; that Burke was a cursed Whig, a bottomless Whig. What is there on the other side? Whigs and Tories were originally distinguished quite as much by ecclesiastical differences, by the bent of religion, as by politics. To the Tory a clergyman was an object of reverence, to the Whig of suspicion. The Lichfield bookseller, Johnson's father, was a Tory, but took the oaths, and his son's views of the non-jurors were as contemptuous as any Whig's. In theory he was a Tory, in practice hard experience dealing with the individual often made him a Whig. He wished the clergy to have considerable influence founded upon the opinion of mankind, but could not raise his own opinion of them to the requisite height. The Tory sat at their feet; Johnson was critical and often cold. Goldsmith took his religion from the priest as he took his coat from the tailor. "Sir," said Johnson, "he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing." If nothing could make Johnson contradict a bishop, in practice he often did worse. He could sneer at Archbishop Secker and call Bishop Newton a gross flatterer. He went near to calling Bishop Keppel a whited wall, and Boswell is forced to surmise that he wist not it was the High Priest. Bishops *in posse*, deans and the like, were always suffering at his hands. Percy was driven from the table, Douglas tossed and gored, and Barnard forced to defend himself with a biting epigram. Worse than all, when Johnson was for founding an ideal university, he named no clergyman among his professors. He would trust theology to nobody but himself. On remonstrance he tossed practical divinity to Percy, throwing British antiquities in with it, and reserved theology as a science to himself. It is true that the professorships were to be limited to members of the club, but what living clergyman would Johnson have set above Percy? He would have faced a battery of cannon to restore Convocation to its full powers, but we feel that he would have had scanty respect for its ordinances. It is true that the bishops of his later life were chiefly Whigs, most of them, indeed, those creatures of the Duke of Newcastle, who deserted him on his fall, and for once made him a wit. "Even Fathers in God," said the old minister, "sometimes forget their maker." But even Johnson's own Tory divines were little to his mind. The ideal of a Tory bishop was Atterbury, yet he is mentioned but once, and that inevitably, in all Johnson's writings. Nor does he figure more in Boswell's biography. Possibly Atterbury's Jacobitism may have been outweighed in Johnson's eyes by the force of language with which he expressed it. Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster though he was, "D——n it," he said, when Queen Anne died, "d——n it, there's not a moment to lose." The same objection may have lain against Swift, to whom Johnson would allow neither head nor heart. All his reverence went out toward Usher, of whom it was said that, had all churchmen been like him, there had been no Non-conformity. For a Non-conformist the true Tory could have no good word. Of Richard Baxter's works Johnson said: "Read any of them; they are all good." He praised Grove's essays, and he added to his publisher's list of poets the name of Isaac Watts, a convert to dissent, "whom every Christian church would rejoice to have adopted." The true Tory kept Fridays and all the days of Passion Week as fasts. Johnson regularly dined out; indeed the club met on Fridays. In one Passion Week he dined out twice, and each time with a bishop. Clearly there was no little of the Whig in him crossing the pure Tory strain.

There remains the question of John-

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son's civil politics. If here he seemed to be a Tory, it was because he had a profound disbelief in the power of government for good or evil. Witness the couplet which he added to Goldsmith's "Traveller":

> "How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

He always harped on the same theme in prose. "I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman is prevented from passing his life as he pleases?" This did not mean that he had no patriotic spirit. Against the foreigner he would have shouldered a pike as readily as Socrates. The independence of the nation he valued as highly as his own personal freedom. Of this he was, as Dr. Maxwell wrote, extremely jealous. He was against certain forms of government, but he had no fear of them. He was ready to assert that under an absolute prince men are governed by chance. There is no security for good government. But he held that the disease involved its remedy. "If a sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head." It is needless to quote what Lord Auchinleck said to Johnson of Cromwell's great achievement. Of that Johnson always thought with indignation, but the Revolution he admitted to have been necessary. It is true that the Revolution found supporters among Tories of the type of Lord Nottingham, but it was a sad declension from Tory principles. Johnson said that it broke our constitution. It broke his Toryism as well. But for that he would hardly have described a courtier as one whose business it is to watch the looks of a being as weak and foolish as himself. He retained a sentimental affection for the Stuarts, but it would stand no test. He looked at the Jacobites with a Whig's eyes. When it was observed that the Highlanders in 1745 made surprising efforts, considering their immense wants and disadvantages, "Yes, sir," said he, "their wants were immense; but you have not mentioned the greatest of them all, the want of law." So in theory he was all for a Tory government, in practice he preferred to see the Whigs in power. Much as he hated, and rightly hated, government by corruption, he praised Sir Robert Walpole as a fixed star. When, forty years after Walpole's fall, Lord North was driven from power, Johnson solemnly thanked God. The instinct was right that made Lord North no friend to the author of the "False Alarm." What wonder that, with this general disregard for political parties, Johnson had no delight in talking of public affairs? What wonder that he was intimate with earnest Whigs? His oldest friend was Taylor, a Whig parson. The man he admired most was perhaps Burke; the physician to whom he entrusted his dying frame was Brocklesby, and Brocklesby's admiration for Burke's politics transferred thousands of pounds from his own purse to his friend's. In this spirit Johnson dictated to Boswell his views on parties. "A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different. A high Tory makes government unintelligible; it is lost in the clouds. A violent Whig makes it impracticable; he is for allowing so much liberty to every man, that there is not power enough to govern any man." What is there here of Macaulay's bigoted Tory? In fact Macaulay had no appreciation of wrong, and his lack of this faculty made him ascribe bigotry to Johnson as it made him turn Horace Walpole into a gentleman usher.

There was, indeed, one matter in which Johnson showed such a monstrous perversity that even the faithful Boswell fell away from him. He could not away with the claims of America. *Taxation no Tyranny* is indeed a lamentable pamphlet, but it is not Toryism. A sentence here and there undoubtedly smacks of the Tory. "An English individual," he wrote, "may by the supreme authority be deprived of liberty, and a colony divested of its powers for reasons of which that authority is the only judge." Yet he admitted that the sovereign power is not infallible, for it may do wrong. The remedy is rebellion. He argued that England had a legal right to tax America, and the Whigs, except Chatham, held the same view. He did not see that it was a legal right which ought not to be enforced and against which America might and

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must rebel. In fact, much of the argument of his pamphlet is not so much wrong in itself as hopelessly beside the mark; and it is beside the mark not because Johnson was a Tory, but just because he was indifferent to the forms of government. Thus he was distracted from the main issue to subsidiary points, and at such a crisis subsidiary points could have no weight. The British army had protected America against the French; why should America not help to pay for the British army? If America were free, her own government would tax her above any possible taxation from England; was it not wicked to refuse to pay? Would the mere sound of freedom make the Bostonians abandon their homes? If so, let no man thereafter doubt the story of the Pied Piper. Clearly nothing would have made Johnson believe Burke's Philadelphian correspondent, who wrote that the plain farmer and even the plain Quaker was become a soldier, "a man of iron, armed at all points, despising danger, and praying for another frolic with Howe and his redcoats." His patriotism might have gained force upon the field of Marathon, but he could not understand a patriot that wielded the sword against a government of his own race. If blindness to the warnings of history is synonymous with Toryism, then undoubtedly Johnson was a Tory. Indeed, his state of mind made him as blind as Dean Tucker of Gloucester, who in ungrammatical frenzy had screamed to Necker that the future grandeur of America was one of the idlest and most visionary notions that ever was conceived even by writers of romance. The Whigs were perhaps right in doubting the political prescience of the parson. Johnson's name is great enough to have lived down his political pamphlets. Tucker's name and pamphlets are alike forgotten.

Johnson, then, was no party politician. In a small Northamptonshire church there is an epitaph to a member of the house of Fitzroy, which may be taken either as an antithesis or as a climax. "Through life a consistent Liberal, he died in the Lord." There is no political term that we can substitute for Liberal to make the epitaph serve as Johnson's. We *can* say that his life was like his death, and that his death was as the Northamptonshire squire's.

John Sargeaunt.

OTTO VON BISMARCK.

These are gray days for kings and for the art
  Of them that fawn and follow in their train;
Men are to-day grown serious of heart,
  And watch with naught but tolerant disdain
The purpled puppets prank their little part,
  Content to rule no more if left to reign.

Yet there are sovereigns still, uncrowned, who sway
  The lives of nations with imperious nod—
Kings of the mind whom other kings obey,
  Sue for their aid and kiss their chastening rod;
Such have we still among us e'en to-day—
  Monarchs anointed by the hand of God!

O hero soul, of courage all thine own,
  Who fearedst naught save only might divine,
Not in the German fatherland alone,

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On storied height and by the rippling Rhine,
But wheresoe'er the German name is known,
Such power to stir the souls of men was thine.

The mild old man whose ill-defended throne
Found thee a champion unbribed, unbought—
Not his, but thine the wisdom which, unknown,
Met craft with craft and plot with counterplot.
Thou saw'st the goal and followedst it alone
When thine own kinsmen cursed thee, seeing not.

Not his but thine the grand imperial dream
To rear an empire out of nothingness ;
Not his but thine through anxious years to scheme ;
Not his but thine the strain, the storm, the stress—
And, in the hour of victory supreme,
Not his but thine the splendour of success.

When, at the last, the foe that blocked thy path,
Baffled and beaten in each dark design,
Dropped his poor mask to draw the sword of Gath,
Then thy right hand against his power malign,
Loosing the lightnings of a nation's wrath,
Flung the impetuous legions o'er the Rhine.

Then came the shock of conflict and the roar
Of black-lipped cannon and the flaming breath
Hot from the hell of battle—such before
War's grim recorder ne'er remembereth ;
While the gashed earth drank greedily of gore,
And swooned and sickened at the taste of death.

And the fair sinful city on her height,
Mirth's chosen home, the capital of Lust,
Ceased from her mockery and in affright
Watched thy stern host against her rabble thrust,
Till the gay wanton of a world's delight
Trailed her lascivious tresses in the dust.

Maker of monarchs ! Statelier than Rome,
Stands a great empire heralding thy name ;
While German hearts in every German home
Cherish the deeds with loyal love aflame,
That, like the stars in Heaven's majestic dome,
Blaze in the boundless firmament of fame !

Harry Thurston Peck.

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STRAY PROPOSALS.

Authors of a coy and modest disposition, when called upon to describe the love affairs of youthful characters in their novels, have to face difficulties that cannot be estimated by folk who possess the ordinary share of effrontery. Some shirk the task altogether, and omit all references to affairs of the heart, with the result that their books are sneered at by lady readers, and justly condemned by all right-minded critics. The following samples of love-scenes are offered as likely to suit varied tastes, and bashful novelists are respectfully urged to give them a trial.

No. I.

The gifted young woman surveyed from the doorway at the side of the stalls the critics who had not taken advantage of the *entr'acte* to go out and quaff beverages. Only one of them looked grim; that one was her quondam admirer Clarence Walton. She went along the row of stalls and sank into the seat next to his.

"*Dear* Mr. Walton," she said, "I—"

She hesitated.

"Beg pardon?" he said, coldly.

"I do so want to know what you think of the first two acts of my play. As a friend, now tell me your candid opinion."

"My opinion, Miss Gordon," he said, with reserve, "will appear to-morrow morning in the ——"

"I know, I know," she said, agitatedly. "But surely, Clarence, you can give me a hint."

"I am of opinion," replied Clarence Walton, cautiously, "that the pruning-knife will have to be used here and there. I think, too, that it shows traces of the feminine spirit. Also that one or two situations are distinctly conventional. Moreover—"

"Clare!" she interrupted, appealingly. She looked around; there was no one within hearing. "I have something to say to you. Do you remember that morning at Lucerne?"

He slapped his forehead with a gesture of pain.

"Shall I ever forget?" he asked, bitterly. "Why torture me with these memories?"

She blew gently at the feathered edge of her fan, and kept her eyes down.

"I have thought so often of that journey up Mount Pilatus," she said, gently.

"And I, too. I have never ceased to blame myself for offering my heart to a careless girl, who lightly spurned it. But, tush! A truce to—"

"That careless girl," said Muriel, softly and earnestly, "has grown into a sedate, thoughtful woman. She has changed her opinion on many things; she has learnt to value the affection of a noble, honest, true-hearted man."

"His name?" he asked, brusquely. "Tell me the name of this fortunate person."

"Clarry," she said, shyly, touching his sleeve, "can't you guess?"

"Muriel!"

"It is you, and you alone whom I have never ceased to admire; it is you, and you alone who—"

The orchestra had stumbled back, and was signalling the fact by tuning its instruments noisily. The occupants of the stalls returned, and a gruff critic on apparently a halfpenny paper demanded the seat of which Muriel had taken temporary possession.

"Till to-morrow, dear heart," said Clarence Walton to her, a light of great joy in his eyes.

"I shall look out for your notice," she said, gaily.

No. II.

"Miss Goodenough!"

"Captain Purleigh!"

"Our journey is nearly at an end. For three weeks I have had the inestimable privilege of seeing you daily. Just as this steamer has neared hour by hour the land of our birth, so my heart, hour by hour—"

"I suppose the time's getting on. What do you make it now by your watch?"

"I forgot to wind it up. I forget everything, dear Miss Goodenough, while you are near. Your fair presence—"

"Wonder how large the sea really is? Looks an enormous distance out there, doesn't it?"

"The sea, Miss Goodenough, unlike

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my affection for you, has its limits. To walk thus with you on the deck of this steamer, to touch your hand, to hear your voice—all this to me is happiness that cannot be measured."

"Do you golf at all, Captain Purleigh?"

"I have no thought for any links but those which shall join our hearts and make them one. Miss Goodenough—Trixie! won't you say one word, that I may become the happiest of men?"

"Wonder how much one ought to give the stewardess?"

"Why will you not utter one brief word, loved one? You and I have noted sometimes on the voyage from South Africa how on a dark night the fair moon will suddenly peep through and illumine all—"

"I think I see my uncle's straw hat."

"So one word from you will lighten my heavy anxiety and tell me that content is in store. Miss Goodenough, may I, dare I, venture to hope?"

"How funny it will seem to be on land again."

"You will not answer me? You refuse to say the one word? Be it so, Miss Goodenough. Farewell! Some day, perhaps, when it is too late—"

"Captain Purleigh, stay! You must have seen—"

"Go on!"

"You must have seen that I—I care for you—very much indeed."

"My dearest, dearest, ever dearest life!"

No. III.

The guide Imobersteg took the golden coin and winked. Henri Bernard resented this inflection of the eyelid as something of an impertinence, but he could not protest, for he knew that he was in Imobersteg's power.

May Wheatley tripped up to them gaily, and Henri Bernard motioned to the Swiss to be prepared.

"*Soyez sage* (Be a sage)," commanded Henri.

"With whom do I ascend the mountain, good Imobersteg?" she asked, speaking the language of the country.

The guide stolidly pointed to M. Bernard, and the girl made a charming *moue*.

"I understood that *mon cousin* (my cousin) was to accompany me," she said, with delightful naïveté.

"The arrangements at the last moment have altered been," said the guide.

"I trust, Miss Wheatley," said Henri Bernard, advancing with a sneer, "that my presence will not entirely destroy the charm of the scenery."

"There won't be much left," she said.

"Miss Wheatley is pleased to be facetious," he said, constrainedly.

"Miss Wheatley is not pleased at all," she said. "Good Imobersteg, *vous connaissez les cordes* (you know the ropes). Do your duty."

"*Farceuse!* (Low comedy lady!)" remarked the guide, as he performed his duties. When they were securely roped to each other, the guide touched his hat and waited. She took no notice, but ordered him with an imperious gesture to proceed.

"*La belle dame sans merci* (The beautiful lady without a thank you)," muttered the guide.

"Have you no fear, *chère mademoiselle?* (dear miss)" asked Henri Bernard.

"A Wheatley," she said, proudly, "*a vingt joues* (has cheek enough for ten)."

Presently they approached a difficult part of the mountain, and it was then that Imobersteg, leading, quietly detached himself from the rope, and Henri Bernard's heart gave a bound of joy. Feeling the tension of the rope lessened, May gazed around. Below her was a yawning chasm; above her M. Bernard, seated by the one tree within sight, looked down at her. "*Parbleu!* (My goodness!)" she shouted. "The guide! *Où est-il?* (Where is he?)"

"The guide," says M. Bernard, with *sangfroid* (blood-cold), "has departed. We are alone. The others are out of ear-shot. Scream, if you will; naught but the blue sky above and the chasm below can hear you."

"*C'est dommage!* (It is a damage!)" she cries.

"*Mais ce n'est rien* (But it is not nothing)," he replies. "With me at hand, Miss Wheatley, you are safe. You have but to amend the answer that you gave me last evening at the Schweizerhof. I asked you then to be my wife; you spurned me. Is it not so?"

"*Oui!* (Yes!)" she answers.

"Now," he says, leaning down, "now I tell you—"

"Keep tight hold of that rope."

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"Now, I tell you that you must and shall be mine. I love you with a passion that cannot and will not—"

"You let that rope slip," she repeats, warningly, "and I shall look silly."

"If I cannot be your *mari* (husband)," he hisses, "no one else shall be your *mari* (husband). Give your consent, enchanting girl, or at this moment, when all nature smiles, when—"

"*Jamais!* (Never!)" she says.

"*Sapristi!* (Bother!)" he cries, standing up and paying out the rope. "Thus, then, do I lower you to certain—"

"*Non!* (No!)" cries an honest young voice beside him, snatching the rope from his hands. "*Me voilà!* (Me see!)"

In less time than it takes to write these words, the half-fainting May Wheatley was hauled into safety by her handsome cousin. With a wild cry of disappointment, Henri Bernard untied the rope from his waist, and leaped into the chasm.

"I'm glad he's gone, dear," said May Wheatley. "He was beginning to be quite a nuisance."

W. Pett Ridge.

TOWARDS THE DEEP.

Let the lilies flaunt their graces,
Since the golden hearts which bide
In the folded buds' embraces
Will adorn a richer tide.
Statelier swans will sweep the lake
When the cygnets quit the brake
Where the Undines lave their faces
Unespied.

More melodious Junes are sleeping
In the lingering linnet's throat,
And a richer dawn is peeping
Where the sunset aureoles float;
When the plaintive minor dies
All the grand crescendos rise,
Deeper rapture onward sweeping
Note by note.

And, as Sulla's rebel minion
Vaunted more the rising sun,
Love may turn on listless pinion
When the zenith well is won,
Spelled by some diviner glow
Which affection yet may know,
Since through even hearts Hercynian
Danubes run.

Hence I wait till, through the hushes,
Which thy latent passions keep,
Like some rosy dream that blushes
On the russet bough of sleep,
Love shall leap and greet my own
With an ardour yet unknown,
As the deep-born river rushes
Towards the deep.

Charles J. Bayne.

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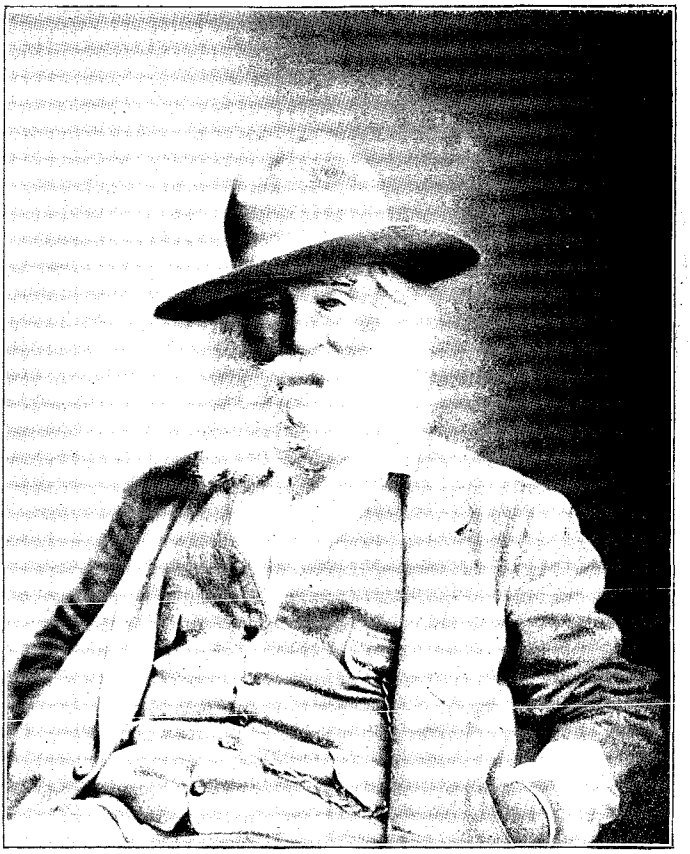
AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

X.—WALT WHITMAN.



WALT WHITMAN IN 1884.

Instead of defining Walt Whitman as an "American Bookman," one might with greater justice describe him and his *Leaves of Grass*—for they are virtually one—as an American Book and a Man. It is merely a distinction of syllables, yet it has an important significance. The precise significance of Whitman, with relation to other poets, has never been more truly pointed out by an admirer than by Mr. John Burroughs in these words: "Just as ripe, mellowed, storied, ivy-towered, velvet-turfed England lies back of Tennyson, and is vocal through him; just as canny, covenanting, conscience-burdened, craggy, sharp-tongued Scotland lies back of Carlyle; just as thrifty, well-schooled, well-housed, prudent, and moral New England lies back of her group of poets, and is voiced by them, so America as a whole, our turbulent democracy, our self-glorification, our faith in the future, our huge mass-movements, our continental spirit, our sprawling, sublime, and unkempt nature lie back of Whitman and are implied by his work."

In the life of the man who proclaims himself the mouthpiece of these national qualities, it would be idle to look for the circumstances which enter into the making of other men who have made books, since books in any large measure expressive of these qualities have not hitherto been made. It must not be expected, therefore, to follow him through college and foreign travel, and into friendships and domestic relations which make conspicuously for what are called the refinements of life. He constantly spoke in his writings of the "literats" as a class distinct from himself. His book, he maintained, is not to be viewed as a literary performance, but merely as an attempt to put a Person "freely, fully, and truly on record." This person is of course Walt Whitman, not merely Walt Whitman the private citizen, but also Walt Whitman as he conceived himself, "a great, composite *democratic individual*, male or female," ready to "raise high the perpendicular hand" to every person and every experience to be found on earth. It is the first step toward any acceptance of Whitman to accept him in this double personality. Whether the "composite,

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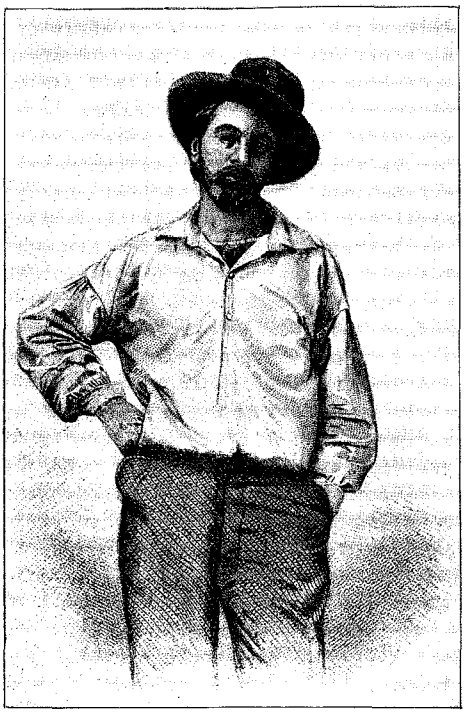
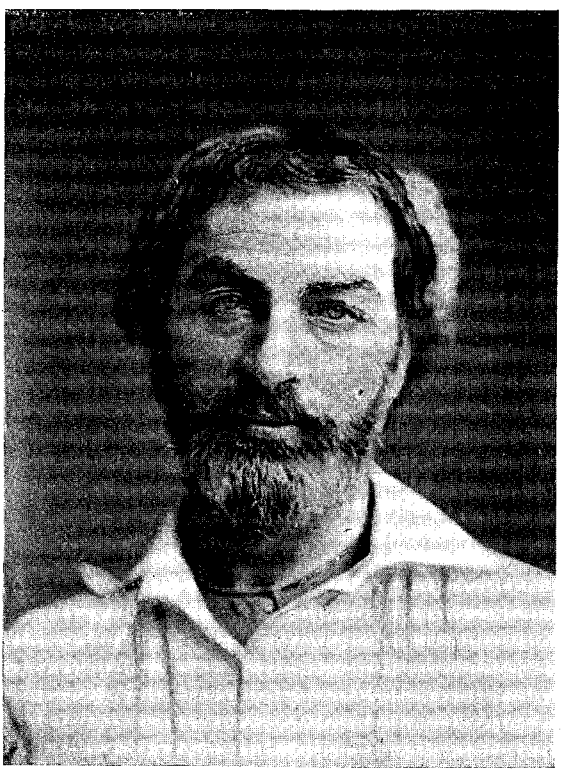


WHITMAN AT 36.
From frontispiece to first edition of *Leaves of Grass.*

democratic individual" is or is not a person to one's liking in every respect, the *Leaves of Grass* speak for him in unmistakable terms. For Walt Whitman, the private citizen, his life speaks with an equal clearness. There are few writers whose lives and whose writings are so completely at one. It is therefore more than commonly helpful, in arriving at a true estimate of Walt Whitman as a writer, to gain a clear knowledge of him as a man.

The poet of democracy has need to be born and bred of the people, and Whitman had all the fitness for his work which comes from such a birth and breeding. His father, Walter Whitman, was a skilful carpenter and builder, living on a farm at West Hills, Huntington Township, Long Island, which his father and grandfather had owned before him. Here his wife, Louisa Van Velsor, of a neighbouring Dutch family of farmers, also long established in the region, and famed for the raising of horses, bore him a son, Walter, the second of nine children, on May 31st, 1819. To distinguish the boy from his father, his name was abbreviated in common use to Walt, and its owner did not permit the years to restore the lost syllable. He was not five years old when his family removed to Brooklyn, where he went to the public schools, and "tended" in a lawyer's and doctor's office, until at the age of fourteen he was set to learn the printer's trade. Two years of this work were followed by a period of country-school teaching and "boarding round" in the neighbourhood of his birthplace. To this experience he owed some of his "deepest lessons in human nature behind the scenes, and in the masses." Moreover, he was then at the time of life for Nature to teach him her best lessons, and the images of sea and shore, which appear and reappear in his writings, show that he learned them well. In 1839 and 1840 he is seen in his native town of Huntington as the found-



WHITMAN IN 1855.
From a daguerreotype.

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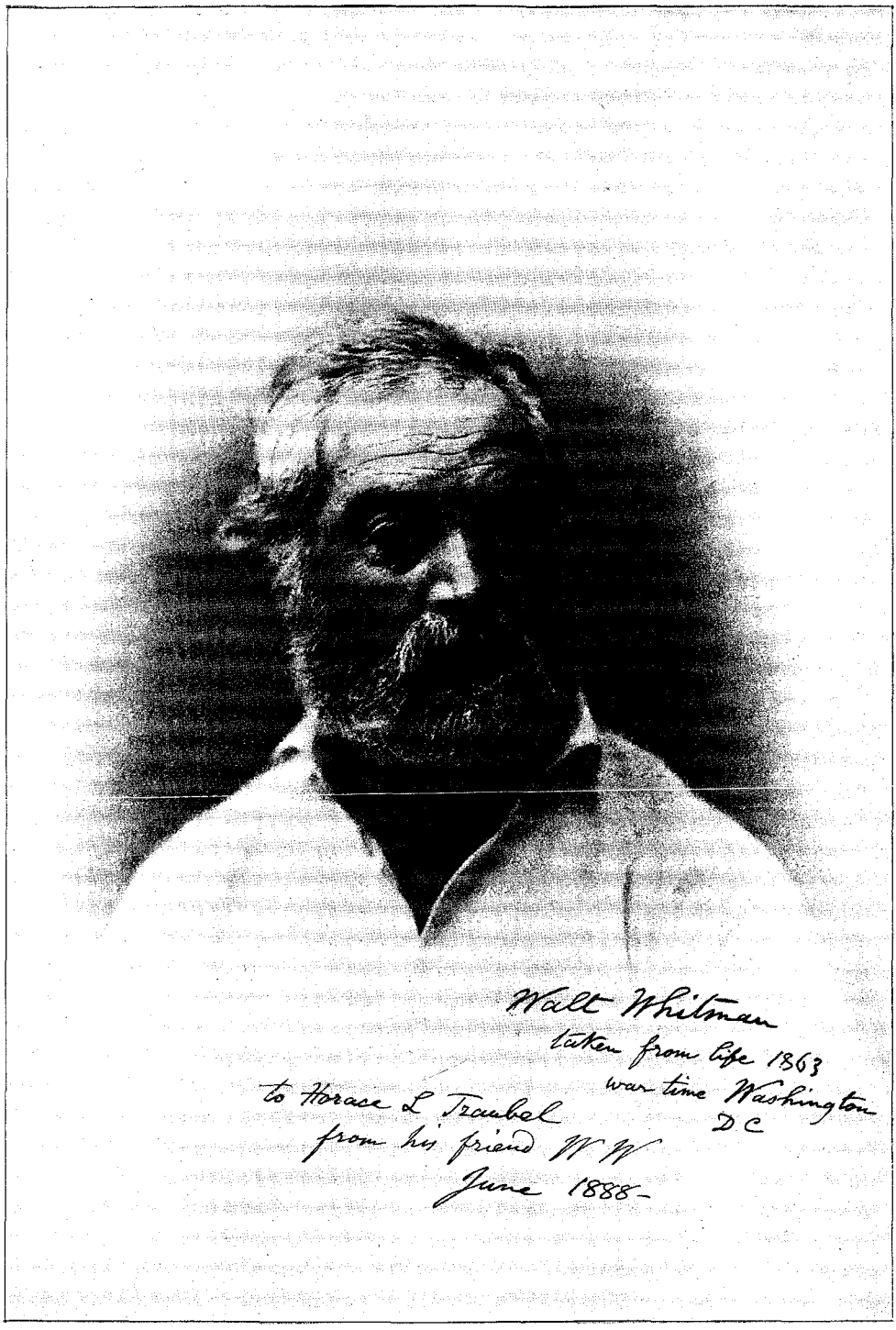

WHITMAN IN WAR-TIME.

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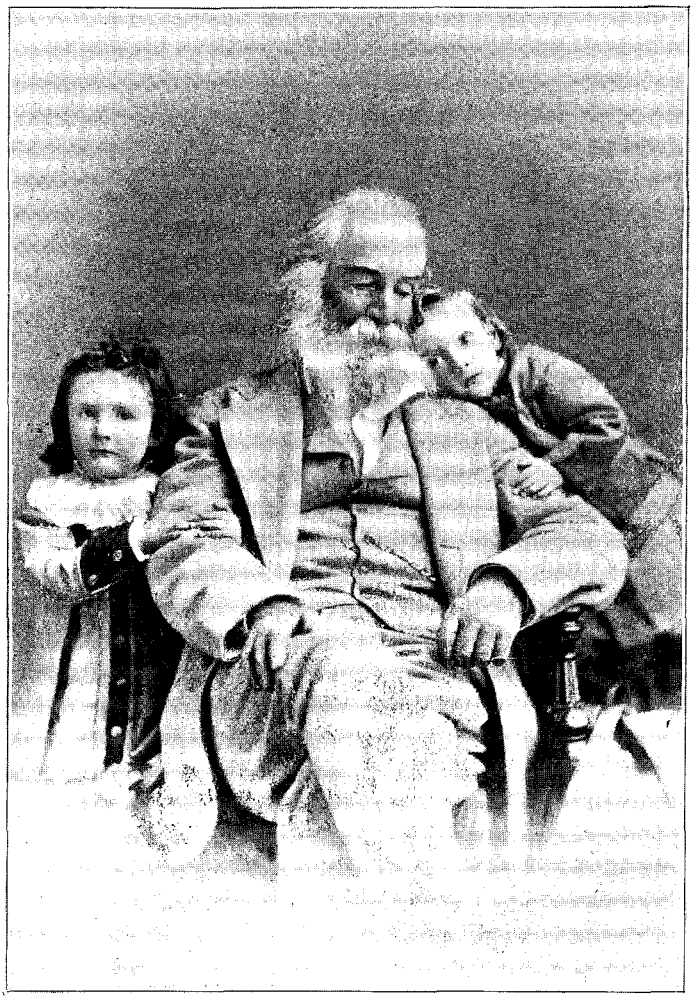

WHITMAN AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS KITTY AND HAROLD JOHNSTON.

er and publisher of a weekly newspaper, *The Long Islander*. For the most part his boyhood and younger manhood differed in few outward respects from those of youths who go on to be good mechanics and tradesmen, or rural teachers and editors. Nor did the years that followed his return to New York and Brooklyn, in 1840, conspicuously foretell what was to come. Yet it was mainly in the fifteen years that preceded the first publication of *Leaves of Grass*, in 1855, that Whitman was traversing the "long foreground" into which Emerson's keen eye pierced its way when the book appeared. The elements of this foreground were the permanent elements of Whitman's thought, except for the great additions that were made to it by his experiences in the civil war. Though his productions in prose and verse were printed in the magazines of the day, they were not distinguished for individual merit, and he took no uncommon place as a writer. It was rather as a compositor in printing offices, and then as the editor of a daily paper, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, that he provided himself with his "nothing too much" of money. It was still more as the observer and sharer of the life about him that he passed his days. The spectacles of the harbour and Broadway were his delight. The pilots on the ferry-boats, in which he crossed from Brooklyn to New York over and over again for mere pleasure, were his friends. Talking on all manner of subjects with them, giving and taking, lending a copy of Homer to a youth who swabbed the deck, listening to long accounts of their work and thoughts, thus he passed whole afternoons and even nights. Of some of these friends he wrote at a later time, "When we meet we kiss each other (I am an exception to all their customs with others)." The drivers of the Broadway stages were equally his intimates. Sitting on the box beside them, their life for the time became his. One winter, in order to keep a disabled driver's place for him, he drove a stage himself. To museums and theatres, and especially the opera, he paid frequent visits. Then there were solitary days of walking, reading, and bathing at the seashore. In all these ways the multiform life about him was taken into himself and made a living part of his own nature.

Yet the "foreground" would have been incomplete if its horizon had not

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been spread beyond that of New York and its vicinity, for the national sense enters as strongly into Whitman's completeness as the spirit of "Manahatta my city." This enlargement of view was brought about in 1848 and 1849 by what Whitman called "a leisurely journey and working expedition" with his brother "Jeff" through the Middle States, down the Ohio and Mississippi, to New Orleans, where he served on the editorial staff of *The Crescent*. Thence he returned by easy stages up the Mississippi and Missouri, and home by the way of the Great Lakes and Lower Canada. Back in Brooklyn in 1850, he published and edited *The Freeman*, a newspaper of his own, for about two years, after which he undertook the business of building and selling small houses. It seems to have been the danger of growing rich that made him abandon this enterprise.

WHITMAN'S MOTHER.

Still one important element seems needed to complete the foreground for *Leaves of Grass*—an active personal share, more than the portion of a mere observer, in many expressions of man's physical nature. The testimony of Whitman's friends is that he was essentially a temperate man in all respects. If in the years from 1840 to 1855 "he sounded all experiences of life," as one well-accredited biographer has said, he was not one to disown his conduct, for he empowered John Addington Symonds to publish his statement: "My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism." It would be no less misleading, in considering Whitman, to withhold these facts than to interpret them in the light of his poems without remembering that Walt Whitman the individual and Walt Whitman in his imagined life of "the average man" are at many points distinct personalities. It is in his personality of the average man that he changes the old saying, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Newton," into the new and unqualified, "There goes Walt Whitman."

We are told that the purpose of *Leaves of Grass* formed itself in Whitman's mind early in the fifties, and that in 1854 he began putting on paper the twelve poems which made up the book, published as a thin quarto in 1855. It is worth while to bring together two statements concerning him and his work at this precise time. One of his brothers makes the report: "Walt did not always dress in this present style. He was rather stylish when young. He started in with his new notions somewhere between 1850–55." So much for the adoption of the unconventional costume which marked him from this time forth. Concerning the mode of utterance which he adopted at the same time, his own words are: "I had great trouble in leaving out the stock 'poetical' touches, but succeeded at last." His own conception of his work and the best way to do it was clear to him, and he squarely faced what seemed to

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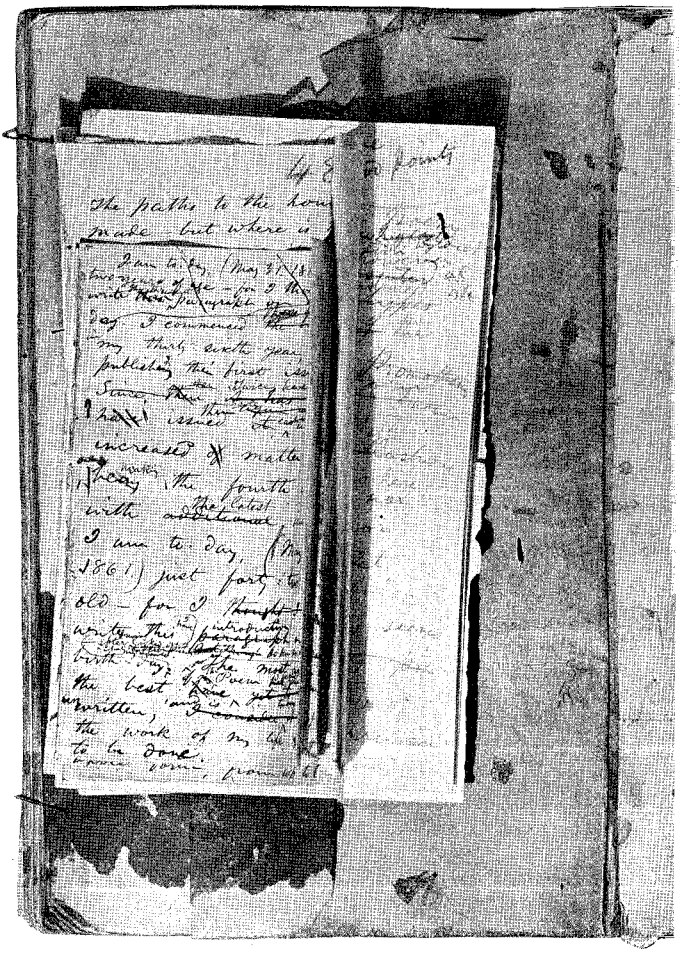
be demanded of him. His warmest admirers in later years are tempted to regard as fools and blind all those who did not immediately put a true value upon his book. Yet it was no more strange that it met with hostility than that "the average person," utterly ignorant of Wagner and his intentions, should not rejoice in a first hearing of the most "Wagnerian" portions of *Tristan and Isolde*, or that another person quite unacquainted with impressionist art should experience scant pleasure in finding himself in a room full of Monet's pictures. Whitman's very themes, regarded in the light in which he saw them, forbade a cordial welcome. "The main objects of his enthusiasm" have been defined by Symonds as "America, Self, Sex, the People." To treat these themes in a series of "slack-twisted" dithyrambic chants, apparently flying in the face of all poetic tradition, and written with a frankness and egotism and lack of humour which, after forty years of Whitman "in the air," are still detested by many, was inevitably to court the opposition of "persons of taste." The critics representing these persons fell upon the book with a savage fury. The writer of it was "a beast;" he "should be kicked from all decent society." To one London journal he appeared as "a wild Tupper of the West;" another, commenting upon a later edition, declared: "Of all writers we have perused, Walt Whitman is the most silly, the most blasphemous, and the most disgusting." The bitterest condemnations of the book were due to its many offences against "the proprieties." Most men could not possibly take its unfamiliar point of view immediately. After many years the New York *Tribune* echoed but faintly the first voices of denunciation when it said: "The chief question raised by this publication is whether anybody—even a poet—ought to take off his trousers in the market-place."



COVERS OF WHITMAN'S OWN COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "LEA

Such were the views most commonly held regarding the *Leaves of Grass*. But there were those, neither fools nor blind, who saw many other things in the book. In England, where Whitman has found many of his best admirers, a prompt word of appreciation was spoken by Richard Monckton Milnes (not yet Lord Houghton), in a letter to Hawthorne at the Liverpool consulate: "I wanted to see you mainly for your own sake, and also to ask you about an American book which has fallen into my hands. It is called *Leaves of Grass*, and the author calls himself Walt Whitman. Do you know anything about him? I will not call it *poetry*, because I am unwilling to apply that word to a work totally destitute of art; but, whatever we call it, it is a most notable and true book. It is not written *virginibus puerisque;* but as

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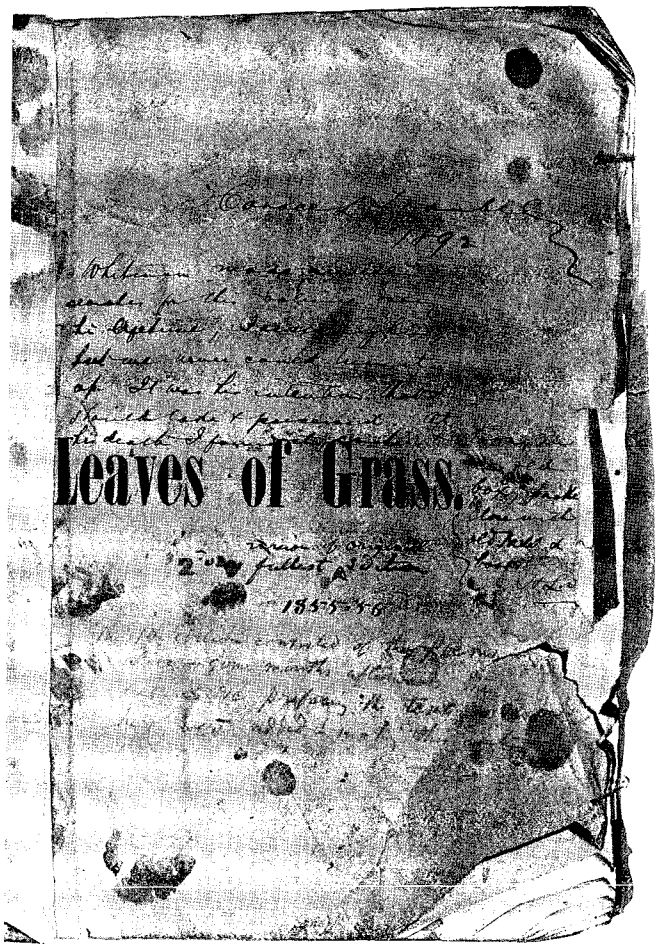

GRASS," WITH AUTOGRAPH NOTES AND OTHER MEMORANDA.

I am neither the one nor the other, I may express my admiration of its vigorous virility and bold, natural truth. There are things in it that read like the old Greek plays. It is of the same family as those delightful books of Thoreau's which you introduced me to, and which are so little known and valued here." In America Whitman had the satisfaction of winning at once the highest opinion of the man whose good opinion was worth most at the time—namely, Emerson. It is said that Whitman knew nothing of Emerson's writings before producing the *Leaves of Grass*, yet if Emerson had withheld his hand from one whose practice so conspicuously reflected his preaching of the gospel of individuality, this preaching would have seemed a mockery. Wide as the gulf between the two men may have appeared, Emerson took no account of it when he handed a copy of Whitman's book to a friend and said, "Americans abroad may now come home: unto us a man is born." He sent a copy of the book to Carlyle, not without misgivings, calling it "a nondescript monster, which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength, and was indisputably American;" and he added, "after you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory of a warehouse, you can light your pipe with it." There were no misgivings, however, in the words of thanks which he sent to Whitman himself for his gift of the book. "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which must yet have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start." (See fac-simile of Emerson's letter on page 435.) With a letter in his pocket from Emerson saying such words as these, Whitman, though needing no confidence but his own, could well afford to write, "Why should I hurry or compromise?" From the general storm of abuse which greeted his book, he did shield and recover himself in the summer and autumn of 1855 by going to the east end of Long Island. When he came back to New York it was, he said, "with the confirmed resolution to go on with my poetic enterprise in my own way, and finish it as well as I could."

The carrying out of this enterprise was Whitman's work for the rest of his life, for even his vivid share in the life of the war time may be regarded in the closest relation with his poetic purpose. It is not possible here to follow the book through all its fortunes and misfortunes of successive editions and gradual growth. When the second edition appeared in 1856, Emerson had good reason to be annoyed at finding his sentence, "I greet you at the beginning of

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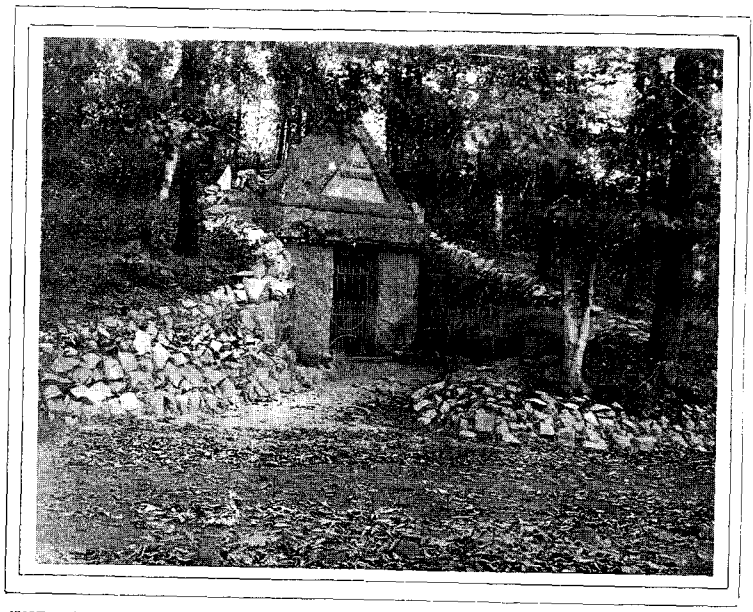
a great career," printed in letters of gold over his name on the back of the volume. But he had the good sense to know that the standards of taste in Whitman's Brooklyn were different from those of his own Concord, and when Whitman came to Boston, in 1860, to superintend the issue of his third edition, Emerson took so great an interest in the undertaking that he walked for two hours up and down the Beacon Street mall of the Common, arguing with Whitman for the omission of many things in the "Children of Adam" poems. Whitman listened without contention, knowing, as he said, "I could never hear the points better put—and then I felt down in my soul the clear and unmistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue on my own way." When the seventh edition of the poems was brought out in Boston, in 1881, the threat of official prosecution, on the ground of the objections urged by Emerson, caused the publishers, who had known well what they were doing, to abandon the book with incontinent haste. But publishers in Philadelphia were not slow to take it up, and after growing year by year, until Whitman's death, the book has returned to Boston, committed by the literary executors of the author to a young house which makes Whitman its first enterprise.



THE TOMB AT HARLEIGH, CAMDEN, N. J. DESIGNED BY WHITMAN HIMSELF.

It has been the present writer's fortune to see a few of the many note-books—simple, home-made things—in which Whitman jotted down his thoughts, and entered words and phrases that took his fancy, with their meanings and derivations. Here may be found such favourite terms of his own as "kosmos" and "literat" and "rondure," noted with a carefulness that would have seemed almost superfluous for a man without a certain consciousness that he was conducting his own education. Here the sentences which from time to time found their way into his chants are marked off as of no further use. We are told that these note-books were always with him, and that writing more literally with "his eye on the object" than most poets, his thoughts were put into their first form wherever he might happen to be. That their finished form was the result of offhand work is a mistaken idea, for his manuscripts show with what careful elaboration his lines were wrought. Mr. Stedman has called him "more formal than others in his non-conformity, and haughtier in his plainness than many in their pride." Certainly it is not without suggestion that the title which he chose for his first book defined all his subsequent work not in prose, and remains as the title of all that he did through nearly forty years. Few writers have maintained an identity so unvarying, so sure of its right to permanence. Time somewhat mellowed and broadened its expression. At first his cry was, "I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." Later it became, "Over the tree-tops I float thee a song." But this was in his threnody for Lincoln, and the events of which Lincoln was the centre were the chief influences that brought the man and the poet to completeness.

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must have had a
long foreground somewhere
for such a start. I
rubbed my eyes a little
to see if this sunbeam
were an illusion; but
the solid sense of the book
is a sober certainty.
It has the best merits,
namely, of fortifying
& encouraging.
I did not know
until I, last night, saw

Concord, 21 July
Mass.tts } 1855

Dear Sir,

I am not
blind to the worth of
the wonderful gift of
"Leaves of Grass." I find
it the most extraordinary
piece of wit & wisdom
that America has yet
contributed. I am very

the book advertised
in a newspaper,
that I could trust the
name as real &
available for a Post-
Office. I wish to be
my benefactor, & have
felt much like taking
my tasks, & visiting New
to beg you my respects.
R.W. Emerson.
Mr Walter Whitman.

glad
of your free & brave
thought. I have great
joy in it. I find incom-
parable things said
incomparably well, as
they must be. I find
the courage of treatment
which so delights us,
& which large perception
only can inspire.
I greet you at the be-
ginning of a great
career, which yet

FAC-SIMILE OF EMERSON'S LETTER TO WHITMAN. THE LETTER CONSISTS OF FIVE PAGES; THE SECOND IS OMITTED HERE.

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To understand the effect of the war in widening his poetic scope, national and human, it is necessary only to see how his life tallied with it—if one of his own phrases may be used. When his brother George, afterward lieutenant-colonel in his New York regiment, was wounded at Fredericksburg, in 1862, Whitman, at an hour's notice, started from Brooklyn to care for him. His wound was not severe, and the new-comer soon found himself in Washington caring for other Brooklyn soldiers sent thither in his charge. Gradually this care-taking extended itself to wounded soldiers in general, from both sides, in the army hospitals in Washington and at the front. In this capacity, rather of comforter than of nurse, Whitman gave of his best to the soldiers till the war was over. No man could have been better qualified for such a task. His habit of life had made him the comrade of all, especially the obscure. Unmarried—through an "overmastering passion," as he said, "for entire freedom, unconstraint"—he was checked by none of the ties which bind other men from holding their lives cheap. Blessed with a feminine gift of sympathy, which made children and weak persons instinctively trust in him, his touch and word were often what the wounded men needed most. His very physical presence was comforting. When Lincoln, looking from the White House window, saw Whitman pass, his word was, "Well, *he* looks like a man!" Six feet in height, of vigorous mould and carriage, ruddy of skin, bearded and gray of hair since thirty, given to frequent baths, the cleanest linen and simple clothes, he carried about with him an air of health and sunlight. By friends in Northern cities he was supplied with the means for bringing more tangible things to the hospitals. A friend who went his rounds with him once has told of what he saw, and a part of the record must speak for the whole of a beneficent service, a personal ministration, it has been estimated, to about one hundred thousand men. "From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him, they touched his hand, they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer, for another he wrote a letter home, to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper or a postage-stamp—all of which and many other things were in his capacious haversack. From another he would receive a dying message for mother, wife, or sweetheart; for another he would promise to go an errand; to another, some special friend, very low, he would give a manly farewell kiss. He did the things for them which no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along. The lights had gleamed for hours in the hospital that night before he left it, and as he took his way toward the door, you could hear the voice of many a stricken hero calling, 'Walt, Walt, Walt, come again! Come again!'"

Before the war was over Whitman had the first illness of his life, an attack of "hospital malaria," induced by his labours, which converted him from a young into an old man. But the illness kept him only a short time from the hospitals, where all the time that he could spare from his new clerkship in the Department of the Interior was spent. This clerkship itself was short-lived, by reason of his dismissal as the author of *Leaves of Grass*. The incident brought forth W. D. O'Connor's flaming pamphlet, *The Good Gray Poet*, which provided Whitman with a permanent name better than anything he had lost. Another clerkship in the office of the Attorney-General was promptly secured, and there he worked till 1873, when an attack of paralysis, which had its first cause in his hospital service, incapacitated him for all regular labour. Thenceforth, until his death, on March 26th, 1892, he lived in Camden, N. J., in health of varying feebleness. At its best it permitted him to go about freely in the world, as in his journeys to Colorado and Canada. At its worst, it rendered him almost helpless. Yet his good cheer and courage never failed him. Living in one of the simplest houses in an unpretentious district, rejoicing, as of old, in the life of the ferries and the streets, and in all the aspects of nature, cared for by devoted friends, who gave him, among other things, a horse and buggy of his own, honoured by the recognition of the masters in literature, as the letters from Tennyson alone are enough to show, writing in prose the *Specimen Days*,

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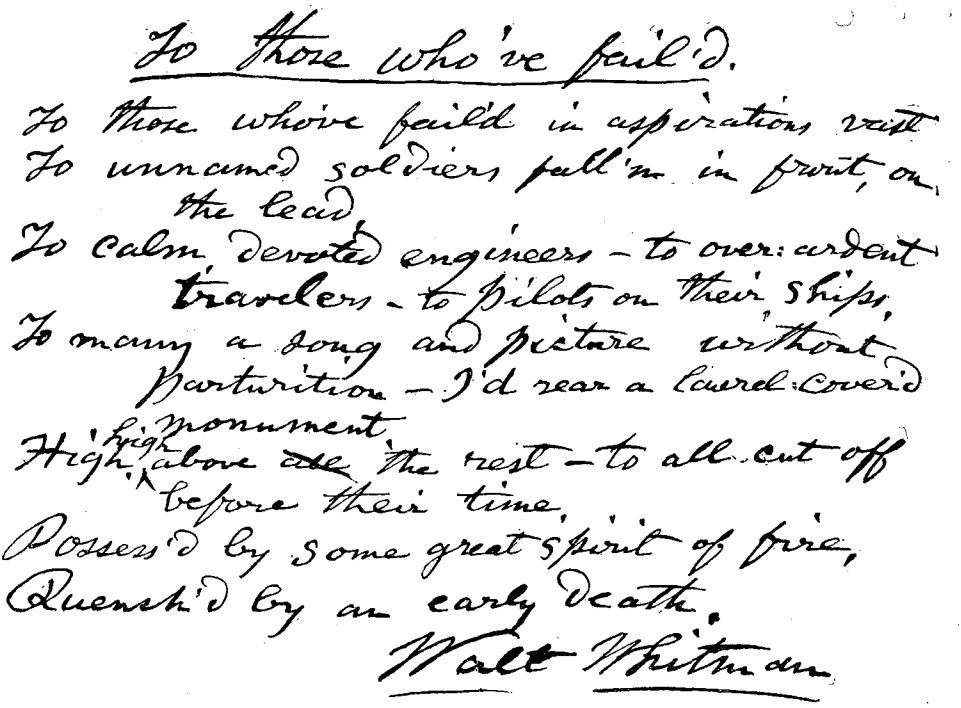

FAC-SIMILE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

which Symonds called "the brightest and halest 'Diary of an Invalid' ever written," and singing in verse the ripened songs of one who has seen and suffered much, Whitman lived his old age so as to blur in no wise the picture of his life, but to work its fulfilment.

After all has been said about Whitman, there are good folk who ask, "But is not the whole Whitman attitude a monstrous pose? Why should catalogues be considered poetry? Why must all things be thought equally worthy of honour? Are the graces of humility, reverence, and proportion obsolete, that they should be thrown to the winds? This Whitman brings us no new discoveries, or very few—but barbarous declamation of commonplace in plenty: why should we listen to him?"

It is quite possible that for many persons these honest questions cannot be satisfactorily answered. The Whitmaniacs, as the renegade admirer Swinburne called Whitman's followers, sometimes answer such inquiries with a heat which is meant to warm, but burns instead. It would be idle to tell all men that they must accept Whitman entire or not at all. He has been called "an acquired taste"—and surely it is something different for which we turn to his book and to the books of the other poets; yet he need not displace, but supplement them. The things which most open-minded readers who turn to Whitman can accept and rejoice in are his large enthusiasm for mankind, especially in "these States," whose national spirit he utters as no one else has done; his elemental scorn, such as a cloud or a north wind might hold, for all but the real things; his faith and hope and love. With these watchwords he sets the spirit free, and accomplishes his definite purpose, of which he wrote: "The reader will have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought—there to pursue your own flight."

Persons of a casual temper read a page or two of Whitman, and ignorant of the truth set forth by Stevenson, that "no one can appreciate Whitman's excellences until he has grown accustomed to his faults," find it easy to toss him aside

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as an offender against all preconceived ideas of poetry, and therefore not a poet. It would be less easy for these persons to explain the effect his writings have had upon men and women whom they do not so readily dismiss. It is not necessary to enumerate the names of all his earlier and later admirers, at home and abroad. It is, however, worth while to repeat the deliberate statement of John Addington Symonds, surely a critical voice worth heeding: "*Leaves of Grass*, which I first read at the age of twenty-five, influenced me more, perhaps, than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe." If this was a personal rather than a critical estimate, a value of its own may be attached to his statement: that he was willing to pledge his reputation as a critic on the opinion that Whitman produced not only poetry, but "poetry of a very high order." Nor has the prophet been without honour in his own country, for the last and least faltering voice in his praise has been uplifted in a book, which confesses itself at the outset a panegyric, by John Burroughs, whose standards are pre-eminently those of sanity and nature. Before dismissing Whitman, it behoves the casual person to see what he brings to the minds of men like Symonds and Burroughs.

> "I charge you forever reject those who would expound me, for I cannot expound myself."

This was Whitman's command, and it cannot be said that his disciples have literally obeyed it. His own prose paper, *A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads*, was in effect an exposition. His biographer, Dr. R. M. Bucke, who is also one of his literary executors, and yet another of these, Mr. Horace L. Traubel, have written many pages which serve to clarify the understanding of Walt Whitman and his book. Whether men call him a poet or a prophet or "a great composite, democratic individual," he is a figure which refuses to be passed by in the records of American letters; and the truest exposition of him, after all, is to be found in the *Leaves of Grass* itself.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the next paper in this series, to appear in the February BOOKMAN, *will be "Whittier and Lowell."*

LET ME BELIEVE.

When boughs are shaken of bloom, and dead leaves drifting, too,
I would recall their first perfume, and the sunlight sifting through;
When fields lie barren without, and bitter frosts are come,
Bid me not hear the winds of Doubt, that with the darkness roam.

When hours grow dim and gray, and the song of the year is sung,
Leave me the thrill of the dawning day, in a heart that is young, is young!
Though Hope be a blossom whirled, and Time doth pillage and win,
Let me hearken the pulse of the World, and learn of Truth therein.

Ay, though my dreams shall pale, while night but an ember lures,
Let me believe, though its light shall fail, that Love, that Love endures!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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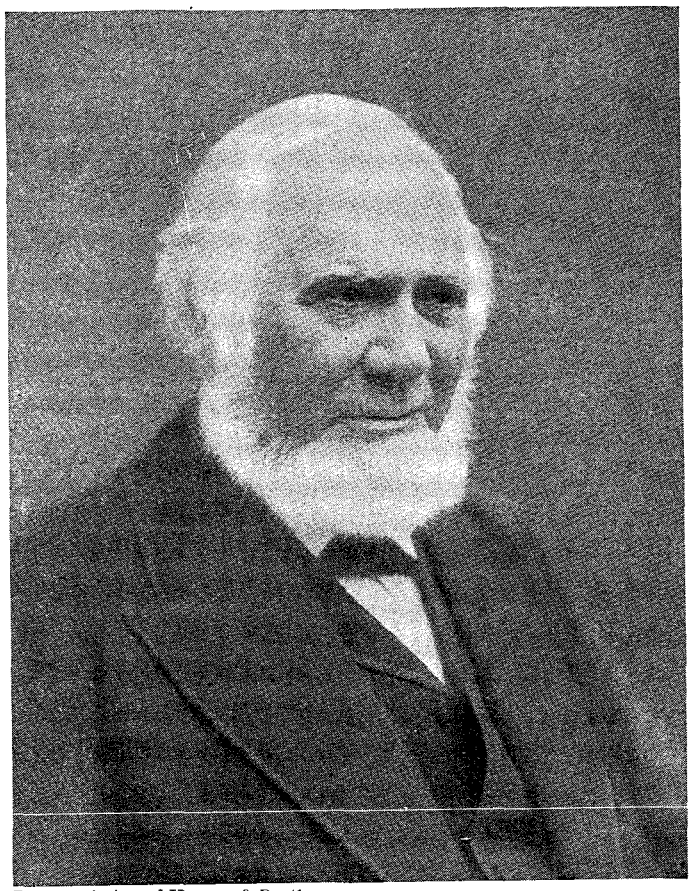
A NOTE ON PROFESSOR HENRY DRISLER.

The newspapers and other periodicals have given with sufficient fulness the details of the official life of the late Professor Drisler, whose long and distinguished career as one of the leading classical scholars of this country came to an end with his death last month. Very little, however, has been published relating to his personality, although this, and not his professional work, is what will be most distinctly remembered by the great majority of his former students. For it is likely that most of these have long ago forgotten all the Greek he taught them, while their memory of the man himself is as fresh and vivid as when they took his hand for the last time on the day that marked the ending of their sojourn in the College halls.



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PROFESSOR HENRY DRISLER.

Professor Drisler was not a handsome man, but he was, nevertheless, a man of most impressive aspect. Large and powerful of frame, his massive head surrounded by abundant, thick white hair, his keen and piercing but kindly eyes, and a certain suggestion of power that was conveyed in the strongly marked features of his face gave him a sort of leonine appearance that never failed to awe the student who for the first time came into his presence. His manner was one of calmness and repose, and this was characteristic of his methods and of his work. He never said anything for effect, and he never did anything for effect; and it was, in fact, rather difficult at times to get a glimpse of the rich treasures of learning that long years of unremitting labour had stored up in his mind. But modesty has its victories as marked as any that are won by self-assertion; and it was reserved for Professor Drisler to gain for American classical scholarship a triumph whose significance is as striking as the quiet way in which he won it is unusual.

When the two distinguished Oxford scholars, Dean Liddell and Dr. Robert Scott, put forth their great Greek-English Lexicon sometime in the forties, this work, the first of its kind, was hailed with a burst of enthusiasm, which was, in fact, deserved. As was natural, however, in the first edition of so comprehensive a thesaurus, much had been left undone, and some things that had been done had not been very accurately done. A subsequent criticism of the book found expression at Oxford in the following irreverent rhyme, which was widely circulated in the English universities, though never, I think, made public through the medium of print:

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" This is the book of Liddell and Scott ;
Some of it's good, and some of it's not.
That which is good is Scott ;
That which is Liddell is not."

It was not long after the appearance of this monumental work that its authors began to receive from America occasional notes and courteously suggested criticisms signed with the name of Henry Drisler, at that time unknown outside of the United States. These notes were so valuable, and the criticisms were so acute and so indicative of an immensely wide range of reading, that Dr. Liddell requested his correspondent to favour him with more ; and for many years Dr. Drisler continued to forward similar memoranda looking toward a future revision of the book. These showed a remarkable acquaintance with all periods of Greek literature and with the history of the language, covering not only the golden age of Greek literary creativeness, but extending down into the Alexandrian era and the Byzantine period. The notes contributed by him were of such exceptional value, and formed so large a mass of critical and supplementary material, that when in 1879 the augmented edition of the Lexicon appeared, its original editors, with that keen sense of justice and fair play which characterises the English gentleman, gave to Professor Drisler the unusual recognition of placing his name upon the title-page of the perfected work. When one considers the self-sufficiency of English scholarship and the low esteem which English classicists once had for all American learning, this compliment was as remarkable as it was well deserved.

Like most great teachers who have won the personal affection of their students, Professor Drisler had a number of pet likings and aversions which sometimes verged upon the whimsical, but which imparted to his character as a whole those little human touches that make a strong personality so delightful, and that appeal especially and with exceeding strength to the imagination of the undergraduate. He was, for instance, remarkably conservative, and this conservatism was seen not only in his general views of university education, but in many minor ways. He liked old traditions, old usages, and old customs, and he never voluntarily abandoned them. For instance, far back in the early days of his connection with the College, it had been the practice for a student when called upon for recitation to take his place at a table set apart for that purpose, upon which was placed a text of the Greek author in whose exposition the Doctor was engaged. This practice was ultimately given up ; but twenty, thirty, and forty years after—in fact, down to the very end of his teaching career, the Doctor's formula of calling on a student to recite was couched in the words, " Place table !" This was a small matter ; but many a student will remember his consternation on coming into the class-room for the first time to be greeted with the (to him) mysterious command, " Place table !" He saw no table, and he hardly understood what was expected of him ; while the Doctor's evident displeasure at having to explain completed his discomfiture.

For some reason that no one has ever satisfactorily elucidated, the Doctor had a peculiar fondness for the second aorist tense of the Greek verb. This came to be a matter of tradition with the undergraduates, and it served a useful purpose in the lecture-room. Whenever a man had been called upon to recite and had done so, he felt reasonably safe for the rest of the hour ; so seating himself beside some other equally lucky person, the two would engage in a quiet game of " go-bang." Sometimes, however, the Doctor would observe that one or the other of these men was not wholly intent on Greek ; and, therefore, watching his chance, he would suddenly project at the offender some complicated question uttered in a loud voice. This always came like lightning out of a clear sky. The student never by any possibility understood what had been asked of him, nor could he have answered the question if he had known. But the College tradition had taught him what to do, and he invariably replied with a cheerful promptness, " Second aorist, sir !" This answer seldom had any bearing upon the question asked, and was sometimes absurdly wide of the mark ; but the mention of his favourite tense always so mollified the Doctor that his face would at once relax into its usual expression of benignity, and the student would go on peacefully with his interrupted game.

Of all the pet aversions which the Doctor cherished, two were particularly marked. He always hated to see a stu-

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dent carrying a stick, and he hated even more to see him smoking. There is no reason to suppose that he had any objection to walking-sticks in the abstract, nor did he entertain any personal antipathy to tobacco; but for some unaccountable reason he never liked to see a student with either one or the other of these two things about him. When any ill-advised undergraduate came into his presence carrying a stick, and began setting forth some petition or request, the Doctor would pay no attention whatever to the story, but would glare portentously at the cane. The student would see that something was wrong, and would become confused and stammer in his narrative, and finally be smitten with a panic terror, when at last the Doctor with his powerful voice would thunder out: "Sir, take that *thing* out into the hall and leave it there, and then come back and tell me what you have to say!"

And if the student happened to be a prudent person, he would, after going out into the hall, take himself off altogether and reserve his story for some other time; since the Doctor's feelings were always so ruffled by such an occurrence as to make him for that occasion a most unsympathetic listener.

His other prejudice was even more accentuated, and sometimes showed itself in most amusing ways. On a certain occasion, a good many years ago, a number of Sophomores, of whom the present writer must reluctantly confess that he was one, inspired by a sudden impulse to which Sophomores are traditionally liable, had made a raid through the College grounds with much more energy than discretion. Their proceedings, however, had not escaped official notice, and the next day they were summoned to a grand *levée en masse*. When they had assembled, the Doctor strode into their presence like a sort of Jupiter Tonans, filled with indignation and giving a toss to his head that was decidedly Olympian. His comminatory eloquence when addressing a body of academic offenders was always couched in the vein of the immortal head-master in *Pendennis;* and on this occasion he began his harangue in somewhat the following manner, the climax being deliciously suggestive of his pet aversion:

"Gentlemen, I am aware from my own observation and from the reports of the College officers, that you have been guilty of the most outrageous conduct. You have violated the promise which you made upon matriculation, and have broken all the rules of College order. You entered the College grounds fresh from a reprehensible orgy in a contiguous place, singing discordant songs, and emitting other sounds that were scarcely human. You interrupted the work of the whole institution. You broke several windows. You entered the bell-house of the chapel and removed from the bell an indispensable adjunct"—the Doctor would have died rather than call it "clapper"—"and you propelled with violence through the window of Professor S—— an animal—in fact, as I am informed, a—a cat. Moreover, you committed an unpardonable attack upon several unoffending Freshmen who were going quietly about their legitimate vocations; and, seizing them by their lower limbs, you compelled them to stand for several minutes upon their heads, thereby endangering their lives and rendering yourselves liable to a charge of felonious assault, and perhaps of constructive murder. And finally, gentlemen"—this with very great impressiveness—"as I looked from my window I could see, even at that distance, that some of your number were smoking cigars!"

Professor Drisler was emphatically the defender of the student. When any man was in a scrape he always went to Dr. Drisler. He was sure to get a most tremendous lecture from him, but after this was over he knew that he had secured in him a very powerful champion. It is perhaps in this aspect that the majority of Columbia graduates today first think of him. They did not always understand his scholarship, though they accepted it as a fact; but every man, even the most negligent, the least studious, and the most harum-scarum, could feel at once the illimitable kindliness and benignity of the man, and they will carry the recollection of it with them throughout their lives. To adopt the phraseology in which the University Council expressed its sense of grief at his death, Columbia's alumni retain for Dr. Drisler one universal sentiment—"a feeling of admiration for the scholar, of gratitude for the teacher, and of affection for the friend."

Harry Thurston Peck.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

By Neil Munro, the Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER I.

Many a time, in college or in camp, I had planned the style of my home-coming. Master Webster, in the Humanities, droning away like a Boreraig bagpipe, would be sending my mind back to Shira Glen, its braes and corries and singing waters, and Ben Bhuidhe over all, and with my chin on a hand I would ponder on how I should go home again when this weary scholarship was over. I had always a ready fancy and some of the natural vanity of youth, so I could see myself landing off the lugger at the quay of Inneraora town, three inches more of a man than when I left with a firkin of herring and a few bolls of meal for my winter's provand; thicker too at the chest, and with a jacket of London green cloth with brass buttons. Would the fishermen about the quayhead not lean over the gun'les of their skiffs and say, "There goes young Elrigmore from Colleging, well-knit in troth, and a pretty lad!" I could hear (all in my day dream in yon place of dingy benches) the old women about the well at the town Cross say, "Oh *lochain!* thou art come back from the Galldach, and Glascow College, what a thousand curious things thou must know, and what wisdom thou must have, but never a change on thy affability to the old and to the poor!" But it was not till I had run away from Glascow College and shut the boards for good and all, as I thought, on my humane letters and history, and gone with Cousin Gavin to the German wars in Munro's Corps of true Highlanders that I added a manlier thought to my thinking of the day when I should come home to my native place. I've seen me in the camp at night, dog-wearied after stoury marching on their cursed foreign roads, keeping my eyes open and the sleep at an arm's-length, that I might think of Shira Glen. Whatever they may say of me or mine, they can never deny but I had the right fond heart for my own country-side, and I have fought men for speaking of its pride and poverty—their ignorance, their folly!—for what did they ken of the Highland spirit? I would be lying in the lap of the night, and my Ferrara sword rolled in my plaid as a pillow for my head, fancying myself—all those long wars over, march, siege, and sack—riding on a good horse down the pass of Aora and through the arches into the old town. Then, it was not the fishermen or the old women I thought of, but the girls, and the winking stars above me were their eyes, glinting merrily and kindly on a stout young gentleman soldier with jack and morion, sword at haunch, spur at heel, and a name for bravado, never a home-biding laird in our parish had, burgh or land-ward. I would sit on my horse so, the chest well out, the back curved, the knees straight, one gauntlet off to let my white hand wave a salute when needed, and none of all the pretty ones would be able to say Elrigmore thought another one the sweetest. Oh! I tell you we learnt many arts in the Lowland wars, more than they teach Master of Art in the old biggin' in the Hie Street of Glascow.

One day, at a place called Nordlingen in the Mid Franken, binding a wound Gavin got in the sword-arm, I said, "What's your wish at this moment, cousin?"

He looked at me with a melting eye, and the flush hove to his face.

"'Fore God, Colin," said he, "I would give my twelve months' wage to stand below the lintel of my mother's door and hear her say 'Darling scamp!'"

"If you had your wish, Gavin, when and how would you go into Inneraora town after those weary years away?"

"Man, I've made that up long syne," said he, and the tear was at his cheek. "Let me go into it cannily at night-fall from the Cromalt end, when the boys and girls were dancing on the green to the pipes at the end of a harvest-day.

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Them in a reel, with none of the abulziements of war about me, but a plain civil lad like the rest, I would join in the strathspey and kiss two or three of the girls ere ever they jaloused a stranger was among them."

Poor Gavin, poor Gavin! he came home no way at all to his mother and his mountains, but here was I, with some of his wish for my fortune, riding cannily into Inneraora town in the dark.

It is wonderful how travel, even in a marching company of cavaliers of fortune, gives scope to the mind. When I set foot, twelve years before this night I speak of, on the gabbard that carried me down to Dunbarton on my way to the Humanities classes, I could have sworn I was leaving a burgh most large and wonderful. The town houses of old Stonefield, Craignish, Craignure, Askaig, and the other cadets of Clan Campbell, had such a strong and genteel look; the windows, all but a very few, had glass in every lozen, every shutter had a hole to let in the morning light, and each door had its little ford of stones running across the gutter that sped down the street, smelling fishily a bit, on its way to the shore. For me, in those days, each close that pierced the tall lands was as wide and high as a mountain *eas*, the street itself seemed broad and substantial, crowded with people worth kenning for their graces and the many things they knew.

I came home now on this night of nights with Munchen and Augsburg, and the fine cities of all the France, in my mind, and I tell you I could think shame of this mean rickle of stones I had thought a town, were it not for the good hearts and kind I knew were under every roof. The broad street crowded with people, did I say? A little lane rather; and Elrigmore, with schooling and the wisdom of travel, felt he could see into the heart's core of the cunningest merchant in the place.

But anyway, here I was, riding into town from the Cromalt end on a night in autumn. It was after ten—between the twenty and the half-past by my Paris watch—when I got the length of the Creags, and I knew that there was nothing but a sleeping town before me, for our folks were always early bedders when the fishing season was on. The night hung thick with stars, but there was no moon; a stiff wind from the east prinked at my right ear and cooled my horse's skin, as he slowed down after a canter of a mile or two on this side of Pennymore. Out on the loch I could see the lights of a few herring-boats lift and fall at the end of their trail of nets.

"Too few of you there for the town to be busy and cheerful," said I to myself; "no doubt the bulk of the boats are down at Otter, damming the fish in the narrow gut, and keeping them from searching up to our own good townsmen."

I pressed my brute to a trot, and turned round into the nether part of the town. It was what I expected—the place was dark, black out. The people were sleeping; the salt air of Loch Finne went sighing through the place in a way that made me dowie for old days. We went over the causeway-stones with a clatter that might have wakened the dead, but no one put a head out, and I thought of the notion of a cheery home-coming poor Gavin had—my dear cousin, stroked out and cold under foreign clods at Velshiem, two leagues below the field of Worms of Hessen, on the banks of the Rhine, in Low Germanie.

It's a curious business this riding into a town in the dark waste of night; curious even in a strange town when all are the same for you that sleep behind those shutters and those doors, but doubly curious when you know that behind the dark fronts are lying folks that you know well, that have been thinking, and drinking, and thriving when you were far away. As I went clattering slowly by, I would say at one house front, "Yonder's my old comrade, Tearlach, that taught me my one tune on the pipe-chanter; is his beard grown yet, I wonder?" At another, "There is the garret window of the schoolmaster's daughter—does she sing so sweetly nowadays in the old kirk?"

In the dead middle of the street I pulled my horse up, just to study the full quietness of the hour. Leaning over, I put a hand on his nostrils and whispered in his ear for a silence, as we do abroad in ambuscade. Town Inneraora slept sound, sure enough! All to hear was the spilling of the river at the cascade under the bridge and the plopping of the waves against the wall we call the ramparts, that keeps the sea from thrashing on the Tolbooth. And

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then over all I could hear a most strange moaning sound, such as we boys used to make with a piece of lath nicked at the edges and swung hurriedly round the head by a string. It was made by the wind, I knew, for it came loudest in the gusty bits of the night and from the east, and when there was a lull I could hear it soften away and end for a second or two with a dunt, as if some heavy, soft thing struck against wood.

Whatever it was, the burghers of Inneraora paid no heed, but slept, stark and sound, behind their steeked shutters.

The solemnity of the place, that I knew so much better in a natural lively mood, annoyed me, and I played there and then a prank more becoming a boy in his first kilt than a gentleman of education and travel and some repute for sobriety. I noticed I was opposite the house of a poor old woman they called Kate Dubh, whose door was ever the target in my young days for every lad that could brag of a boot-toe, and I saw that the shutter, hanging ajee on one hinge, was thrown open against the harled wall of the house. In my doublet-pocket there were some carabeen bullets, and taking one out, I let bang at the old woman's little lozens. There was a splinter of glass, and I waited to see if any one should come out to see who was up to such damage. My trick was in vain ; no one came. Old Kate, as I found next day, was dead since Martinmas, and her house was empty.

Still the moaning sound came from the townhead, and I went slowly riding in its direction. It grew clearer and yet uncannier as I sped on, and mixed with the sough of it I could at last hear the clink of chains.

"What in God's name have I here?" said I to myself, turning round Islay Campbell's corner, and yonder was my answer !

The town gibbets were throng indeed ! Two corpses swung in the wind, like net bows on a drying-pole, going from side to side, making the woeful sough and clink of chains, and the dunt I had heard when the wind dropped.

I grued more at the sound of the soughing than at the sight of the hanged fellows, for I've seen the Fell Sergeant in too many ugly fashions to be much put about at a hanging match. But it was such a poor home-coming ! It told me as plain as could be, what I had heard rumours of in the low country riding round from the port of Leith, that the land was uneasy, and that pit and gallows were bye-ordinar busy at the gates of our castle. When I left for my last session at Glascow College, the countryside was quiet as a village green, never a raider nor a reiver in the land, and so poor the Doomster's trade (Black George), that he took to the shoeing of horses.

"There must be something wicked in the times, and cheatery rampant indeed," I thought, "when the common gibbet of Inneraora has a drunkard's convoy on either hand to prop it up."

But it was no time for meditation. Through the rags of plaiding on the chains went the wind again so eerily that I bound to be off, and I put my horse to it, bye the town-head and up the two miles to Glen Shira. I was sore and galled sitting on the saddle ; my weariness hung at the back of my legs and shoulders like an ague, and there was never a man in this world came home to his native place so eager for taking supper and sleep as young Elrigmore.

What I expected at my father's door I am not going to set down here. I went from it a fool, with not one grace about me but the love of my good mother, and the punishment I had for my hot and foolish cantrip was many a wae night on foreign fields, vexed to the core for the sore heart I had left at home.

My mind, for all my weariness, was full of many things, and shame above all, as I made for my father's house. The horse had never seen Glen Shira, but it smelt the comfort of the stable and whinnied cheerfully as I pulled up at the gate. There was but one window to the gable-end of Elrigmore, and it was something of a surprise to me to find a light in it, for our people were not overly rich in these days, and candle or cruisie was wont to be doused at bedtime. More was my surprise, when leading my horse round to the front, feeling my way in the dark by memory, I found the oak door open and my father, dressed, standing in the light of it.

A young *sqalag* came running to the reins, and handing them to him, I stepped into the light of the door, my bonnet in my hand.

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"Step in, sir, caird or gentleman," said my father—looking a little more bent at the shoulder than twelve years before.

I went under the door-lintel, and stood a little abashed before him.

"Colin! Colin!" he cried in the Gaelic. "Did I not ken it was you?" and he put his two hands on my shoulders.

"It is Colin sure enough, father dear," I said, slipping readily enough into the mother tongue they did their best to get out of me at Glascow College. "Is he welcome in this door?" and the weariness weighed me down at the hip and bowed my very legs.

He gripped me tight at the elbows, and looked me hungrily in the face.

"If you had a murdered man's head in your oxter, Colin," said he, "you were still my son. Colin, Colin! come ben and put off your boots!"

"Mother," I said, but he broke in on my question.

"Come in, lad, and sit down. You are back from the brave wars you never went to with my will, and you'll find stirring times here at your own parish. It's the way of the Sennachies' stories."

"How is that, sir?"

"They tell, you know, that people wander far on the going foot for adventure, and adventure is in the first turning of their native lane."

I was putting my boots off before a fire of hissing logs that filled the big room with a fir-wood smell right homely and comforting to my heart, and my father was doing what I should have known was my mother's office if weariness had not left me in a sort of stupor—he was laying on the Spanish mahogany board with carved legs a stout and soldierly supper and a tankard of the red Bordeaux wine the French traffickers bring to Loch Finne to trade for cured herring. He would come up now and then where I sat fumbling sleepily at my laces, and put a hand on my head, a curious unmanly sort of thing I never knew my father do before, and I felt put about at this petting, which would have been more like my sister if ever I had had the luck to have one.

"You are tired, Colin, my boy?" he said.

"A bit, father, a bit," I answered, "tough roads you know. I was landed at break of day at Skipness and—Is mother—"

"Sit in, *lochain!* Did you meet many folks on the road?"

"No, sir; a pestilent barren journey as ever I trotted on, and the people seemingly on the hill, for their crops are unco late in the field."

"Ay, ay, lad, so they are," said my father, pulling back his shoulders a bit—a fairly straight wiry old man, with a name for good swordsmanship in his younger days.

I was busy at a cold partridge, and hard at it, when I thought again how curious it was that my father should be afoot in the house at such time of night and no one else about, he so early a bedder for ordinary and never the last to sneck the outer door.

"Did you expect any one, father?" I asked, "that you should be waiting up with the collation, and the outer door unsnecked?"

"There was never an outer door snecked since you left, Colin," said he, turning awkwardly away and looking hard into the loof of his hand like a wife spaeing fortunes—for sheer want, I could see, of some engagement for his eyes. "I could never get away with the notion that some way like this at night would ye come back to Elrigmore."

"Mother would miss me?"

"She did, Colin, she did; I'm not denying."

"She'll be bedded long syne, no doubt, father?"

My father looked at me and gulped at the throat.

"Bedded indeed, poor Colin," said he, "this very day in the clods of Kilmalieu!"

And that was my melancholy homecoming to my father's house of Elrigmore, in the parish of Glenaora, in the shire of Argile.

CHAPTER II.

Every land, every glen or town, I make no doubt, has its own peculiar air or atmosphere that one familiar with the same may never puzzle about in his mind, but finds come over him with a waft at odd moments like the scent of bog-myrtle and tansy in an old clothes-press. Our own air in Glen Shira had ever been very genial and encouraging

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to me. Even when a young lad, coming back from the low country or the scaling of school, the cool fresh breezes of the morning and the riper airs of the late afternoon went to my head like a mild white wine; very heartsome too, rousing the laggard spirit that perhaps made me, before, over-apt to sit and dream of the doing of grand things instead of putting out a hand to do them. In Glascow the one thing that I had to grumble most about next to the dreary hours of schooling was the clammy airs of street and close; in Germanie it was worse, a moist weakening windiness full of foreign smells, and I've seen me that I could gaily march a handful of leagues to get a sniff of the spirity salt sea. Not that I was one who craves for wrack and bilge at my nose all the time. What I think best is a stance inland from the salt water, where the mountain air, brushing over gall and heather, takes the sting from the sea air, and the two blended give a notion of the fine variousness of life. We had a herdsman once in Elrigmore, who could tell five miles up the glen when the tide was out on Loch Finne. I was never so keen-scented as that; but when I awakened next day in a camceiled room in Elrigmore, and put my head out at the window to look around, I smelt the heather for a second like an escapade in a dream.

Down to Ealan Eagal I went for a plunge in the linn in the old style, and the airs of Shira Glen hung about me like friends and lovers, so well acquaint and jovial.

Shira Glen, Shira Glen! if I was bard I'd have songs to sing to it, and all I know is one sculduddry verse on a widow that dwelt in Maam! There at the foot of my father's house, were the winding river, and north and south the brown hills, split asunder by God's goodness, to give a sample of His bounty. Maam, Elrigmore and Elrigbeg, Kilblaan and Ben Bhuidhe—their steep sides hung with cattle, and below crowded the reeking homes of tacksman and cottar; the burns poured hurriedly to the flat beneath their borders of hazel and ash; to the south, the fresh water we call Dubh Loch, flapping with ducks and fringed with shelisters or water-flags and bulrush, and further off the Cowal hills; to the north, the wood of Drimlee and the wild pass the red Macgregors sometimes took for a back-road to our cattle-folds in cloud of night and darkness. Down on it all poured the polished and hearty sun, birds chirmed on every tree, though it was late in the year; blackcock whirred across the alders, and sturdy heifers bellowed tunefully, knee-deep at the ford.

"Far have I wandered," thinks I to myself, "warring other folks' wars for the humour of it and small wages, but here's the one place I've seen yet that was worth hacking good steel for in earnest!"

But still my heart was sore for mother, and sore, too, for the tale of changed times in Campbell country my father told me over a breakfast of braddan fresh caught in a creel from the Garron River, oaten bannock and cream.

After breakfast I got me into my kilt for town. There are many costumes going about the world, but, with allowance for one and all, I make bold to think our own tartan duds the gallantest of them all. The kilt was my wear when first I went to Glascow College, and many a St. Mungo keelie, no better than myself at classes or at English language, made fun of my brown knees, sometimes not to the advantage of his headpiece when it came to argument and neifs on the Fleshers Haugh. Pulling on my old *breacan* this morning in Elrigmore was like donning a fairy garb, and getting back ten years of youth. We have a way of belting on the kilt in real Argile I have seen nowhere else. Ordinarily, our lads take the whole web of tartan cloth, of twenty ells or more, and coil it once round their middle, there belting it, and bring the free end up on the shoulder to pin with a *dealg*, not a bad fashion for display and long marches and for sleeping out on the hill with, but sometimes discommodious for warm weather. It was our plan sometimes to make what we called a philabeg, or little kilt, maybe eight yards long, gathered in at the haunch and hung in many pleats behind, the plain brat part in front decked off with a leather sporran, tagged with thong points tied in knots, and with no plaid on the shoulder. I've never seen a more jaunty and suitable garb for campaigning, better by far for short sharp tulzies with an enemy than the philamore or the big kilt our people sometimes threw off them in a skirmish, and

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fight (the coarsest of them) in their gartered hose and scrugged bonnets.

With my kilt and the memory of old times about me, I went walking down to Inneraora in the middle of the day. I was prepared for change from the complaints of my father, but never for half the change I found in the burgh town of MacCailein Mor. In my twelve foreign years the place was swamped by incomers, black unwelcome Covenanters from the shires of Air and Lanrick — Brices, Yuilles, Rodgers, and Richies—all brought up here by Gillesbeg Gruamach, Marquis of Argile, to teach his clans the art of peace and merchandise. Half the folk I met between the arches and the Big Barns were strangers that seemingly never had tartan on their hurdies, but settled down with a firm foot in the place, I could see by the bold look of them as I passed on the plain-stanes of the street. A queer town this on the edge of Loch Finne, and far in the Highlands! There were shops with Lowland stuffs in them, and over the doors signboards telling of the most curious trades for a Campbell burgh—horologers, cordiners, baxters, and suchlike mechanicks that I felt sure poor Donald had small call for. They might be incomers, but they were thirled to Gillesbeg all the same, as I found later on.

It was the court day, and his lordship was sitting in judgment on two Strathlachlan fellows, who had been brawling at the Cross the week before and came to knives, more in frolic than in hot blood, with some of the town lads. With two or three old friends I went into the Tolbooth to see the play—for play it was, I must confess—in town Inneraora, when justice was due to a man whose name by ill-luck was not Campbell, or whose bonnet-badge was not the myrtle stem.

The Tolbooth hall was, and is to this day, a spacious high-ceiled room, well lighted from the bay-side. It was crowded soon after we got in, with Cowalside fishermen and townpeople all the one way or the other, for or against the poor lads in bilboes, who sat, simple-looking enough, between the town officers, a pair of old *bodachs* in long scarlet coats and carrying *tuaghs*, Lochaber axes, or halberds that never smelt blood since they came from the smith.

It was the first time ever I saw Gillesbeg Gruamach sitting on the bench, and I was startled at the look of the man. I've seen some sour dogs in my day—few worse than Ruthven's rittmasters we met in Swabia, but I never saw a man who, at the first vizzy, had the dour sour countenance of Archibald, Marquis of Argile and Lord of Lochow. Gruamach, or grim-faced, our good Gaels called him in a bye-name, and well he owned it, for over necklace or gorget, I've seldom seen a sterner jowl or a more sinister eye. And yet, to be fair and honest, this was but the notion one got at a first glint; in a while I thought little was amiss with his looks as he leaned on the table and cracked in a humoursome laughing way with the panelled jury.

He might have been a plain cottar in Glen Aora side rather than King of the Highlands for all the airs he assumed, and when he saw me, better put-on in costume than my neighbours in court, he seemingly asked my name in a whisper from the clerk beside him, and finding who I was, cried out in St. Andrew's English—

"What! Young Elrigmore back to the Glens! I give you welcome, sir, to Baile Inneraora!"

I but bowed, and in a fashion saluted, saying nothing in answer, for the whole company glowered at me, all except the home-bred ones, who had better manners.

The two MacLachlans denied in the Gaelic the charge the sheriff clerk read to them in a long farrago of English with more foreign words to it than ever I learned the sense of in College.

His lordship paid small heed to the witnesses who came forward to swear to the unruliness of the Strathlachlan men, and the jury talked heedlessly with one another in a fashion scandalous to see. The man who had been stabbed—it was but a jag at the shoulder, where the dirk had gone through from front to back with only some loss of blood—was averse to being hard on the panels. He was a jocular fellow with the right heart for a duello; and in his nipped burgh Gaelic he made light of the disturbance and his injury.

"Nothing but a bit play, my jurymen —MacCailein—my lordship—a bit play. If the poor lad didn't happen to have his dirk out and I to run on it, nobody was a bodle the worse."

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"But the law, man"—started the clerk to say.

"No case for law at all," said the witness. "It's an honest brawl among friends, and I could settle the account with them at the next market-day, when my shoulder's mended."

"Better if you would settle my account for your last pair of brogues, Alasdair M'Iver," said a black-avised juryman.

"What's your trade?" asked the Marquis of the witness.

"I'm at the Coillebhraid silver-mines," said he. "We had a little too much drink, or these MacLachlan gentlemen and I had never come to variance."

The Marquis gloomed at the speaker and brought down his fist with a bang on the table before him.

"Damn those silver-mines!" said he, "they breed more trouble in this town of mine than I'm willing to thole. If they put a penny in my purse it might not be so irksome, but they plague me sleeping and waking, and I'm not a plack the richer. If it were not to give my poor cousin, John Splendid, a chance of a living and occupation for his wits, I would drown them out with the water of Cromalt Burn."

The witness gave a little laugh, and ducking his head oddly like one taking liberties with a master, said, "We're a drouthy set, my lord, at the mines, and I wouldn't be saying but what we might drink them dry again of a morning, if we had been into town the night before."

His lordship cut short his sour smile at the man's fancy, and bade the officers on with the case.

"You have heard the proof," he said to the jury when it came to his turn to charge them. "Are they guilty, or not? If the question was put to me I should say the Laird of MacLachlan, arrant Papist! should keep his men at home to Mass on the other side of the loch instead of loosing them on honest, or middling honest Campbells, for the strict virtue of these Coillebhraid miners is what I am not going to guarantee."

Of course the fellows were found guilty—one of stabbing, the other of art and part, for MacLachlan was no friend of MacCailein Mor, and as little friend to the merchant burghers of Inneraora, for he had the poor taste to buy his shop provand from the Lamont towns of Low Cowal.

"A more unfriendly man to the Laird of MacLachlan might be for hanging you on the gibbet at the town-head," said his lordship to the prisoners, spraying ink-sand idly on the clean page of a statute-book as he spoke; "but our three trees upbye are leased just now to other tenants—Badenoch hawks a trifle worse than yourselves, and more deserving."

The men looked stupidly about them, knowing not one word of his lordship's English, and he was always a man who disdained to converse much in Erse. He looked a little cruelly at them and went on.

"Perhaps clipping your lugs might be the bonniest way of showing you what we think of such on-goings in honest Inneraora; or getting the Doomster to bastinado you up and down the street. But we'll try what a fortnight in the Tolbooth may do to amend your visiting manners. Take them away, officers."

"*Aberidh moran taing*—say 'many thanks' to his lordship," whispered one of the red-coat halberdiers in the ear of the bigger of the two prisoners. I could hear the command distinctly where I sat, well back in the court, and so no doubt could Gillesbeg Gruamach, but he was used to such obsequious foolishness and he made no dissent or comment.

"*Taing! taing!*" said one spokesman of the two MacLachlans in his hurried Cowal Gaelic, and his neighbour, echoing him word for word in the comic fashion they have in these parts; "*Taing! taing!* I never louted to the horseman that rode over me yet, and I would be ill-advised to start with the Gruamach one!"

The man's face flushed up as he spoke. It's a thing I've noticed about our own poor Gaelic men; speaking before them in English or Scots, their hollow look and aloofness would give one the notion that they lacked sense and sparkle; take the muddiest-looking among them and challenge him in his own tongue, and you'll find his face fill with wit and understanding.

I was preparing to leave the court-room, having many people to call on in Inneraora, and had turned with my two friends to the door, when a fellow

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brushed in past us—a Highlander, I could see, but in trews—and he made to go forward into the body of the court, as if to speak to his lordship, now leaning forward in a cheerful conversation with the Provost of the burgh, a sonsy gentleman in a peruke and figured waistcoat.

"Who is he, this bold fellow?" I asked one of my friends, pausing with a foot on the door-step, a little surprised at the want of reverence to MacCailein in the man's bearing.

"Iain Aluinn—John Splendid," said my friend. We were talking in the Gaelic, and he made a jocular remark there is no English for. Then he added, "A poor cousin of the Marquis, a M'Iver Campbell (*on the wrong side*), with little schooling, but some wit and gentlemanly parts. He has gone through two fortunes in black cattle, fought some fighting here and there, and now he manages the silver-mines so adroitly that Gillesbeg Gruamach is ever on the brink of getting a big fortune, but never done launching out a little one instead to keep the place going. A decent soul the Splendid! throughither a bit and better at promise than performance, but at the core as good as gold, and a fellow you never weary of though you tramped with him in a thousand glens."

The object of my friend's description was speaking into the ear of MacCailein Mor by this time, and the Marquis's face showed his tale was interesting, to say the least of it.

We waited no more but went out into the street. I was barely two closes off from the Tolbooth when a messenger came running after me, sent by the Marquis, who asked if I would oblige greatly by waiting till he made up on me. I went back and met his lordship with his kinsman and mine-manager coming out of the court-room together into the lobby that divided the place from the street.

"Oh, Elrigmore!" said the Marquis, in an offhand jovial and equal way; "I thought you would like to meet my cousin here—M'Iver Campbell of the Barbreck; something of a soldier like yourself, who has seen service in Lowland wars."

"In the Scots Brigade, sir?" I asked M'Iver, eyeing him with greater interest than ever. He was my senior by half a dozen years seemingly, a neat, well-built fellow, clean-shaven, a little over the middle height, carrying a rattan in his hand, though he had a small sword tucked under the right skirt of his coat.

"With Lumsden's regiment," he said. "His lordship here has been telling me you have just come home from the field."

"But last night. I took the liberty while Inneraora was snoring. You were before my day in foreign service, and yet I thought I knew by repute every Campbell that ever fought for the hard-won dollars of Gustivus even before my day. There were not so many of them from the West Country."

"I trailed a pike privately," laughed M'Iver, "and for the honour of Clan Diarmaid I took the name Munro. My cousin here cares to have none of his immediate relatives make a living by steel at any rank less than a cornal's, or a major's, at the very lowest. Frankfort, and Landsberg, and the stark field of Leipzig were all I saw of foreign battle, and the God's truth is they were my bellyful. I like a bit splore, but give it to me in our old style, with the tartan instead of buff, and the target for breastplate and taslets. I came home sick of wars."

"Our friend does himself injustice, my dear Elrigmore," said Gillesbeg, smiling, "he came home against his will, I have no doubt, and I know he brought back with him a musketoon bullet in the hip, that couped him by the heels down in Glassary for six months."

"The result," M'Iver hurried to explain, but putting out his breast with a touch of vanity, "of a private *rencontre*, an affair of my own with a Reay gentleman, and not to be laid to my credit as part of the war's scaith at all."

"You conducted your duello in odd style under Lumsden, surely," said I, "if you fought with powder and ball instead of steel, which is more of a Highlander's weapon to my way of thinking. All our affairs in the Reay battalion were with claymore—sometimes with targe, sometimes wanting."

"This was a particular business of our own," laughed John Splendid (for so I may go on to call M'Iver, for it was the name he got oftenest behind and before in Argile). "It was less a trial of valour than a wager about which had the better skill with the musket. If I

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got the bullet in my groin, I at least showed the Mackay gentleman in question that an Argile man could handle arquebus as well as *arme blanche* as we said in the France. I felled my man at thirty paces, with six to count from a rittmaster's signal. 'Blow, present, God sain Mackay's soul!' But I'm not given to braggadocio."

"Not a bit, cousin," said the Marquis, looking quizzingly at me.

"I could not make such good play with the gun against a fort gable at so many feet," said I.

"You could, sir, you could," said John Splendid in an easy, off-hand, flattering way, that gave me at the start of our acquaintance the whole key to his character. "I've little doubt you could allow me half a dozen paces and come closer on the centre of the target."

By this time we were walking down the left side of the street, the Marquis betwixt the pair of us commoners, and I to the wall side. Lowlanders and Highlanders quickly got out of the way before us and gave us the crown of the causeway. The main part of them the Marquis never let his eye light on, he kept his nose cocked in the air in the way I've since found peculiar to his family. It was odd to me that had in wanderings got to look on all honest men as equal (except Camp-Master Generals and Pike Colonels) to see some of his lordship's poor clansmen cringing before him. Here indeed was the leaven of your low country scum, for in all the broad Highlands wandering before and since I never saw the like! "Blood of my blood, brother of my name!" says our good Gaelic old-world: it made no insolents in camp or castle, but it kept the poorest clansmen's heads up before the highest chief. But there was, even in Baile Inneraora, sinking in the servile ways of the incomer, something too of honest worship in the deportment of the people. It was sure enough in the manner of an old woman with a face peat-tanned to crinkled leather who ran out of the Vennel or lane and bending to the Marquis his lace wrist-bands, kissed them as I've seen Papists do the holy duds in Nôtre Dame and Bruges Kirk.

This display before me, something of a stranger, a little displeased Gillesbeg Gruamach. "Tut, tut!" he cried in Gaelic to the *cailleach*, "thou art a foolish old woman!"

"God keep thee, MacCailein!" said she; "thy daddy put his hand on my head like a son when he came back from his banishment in Spain, and I keened over thy mother dear when she died. The hair of Peggy Bheg's head is thy door-mat, and her son's blood is thy will for a foot-bath."

"Savage old harridan!" cried the Marquis, jerking away; but I could see he was not now unpleased altogether that a man new from the wide world and its ways should behold how much he was thought of by his people.

He put his hands in a friendly way on the shoulders of us on either hand of him, and brought us up a bit round turn, facing him at a standstill opposite the door of the English kirk. To this day I mind well the rumour of the sea that came round the corner.

I have a very particular business with both you gentlemen," he said. "My friend here, M'Iver, has come post-haste to tell me of a rumour that a body of Irish banditti under Alasdair MacDonald, the MacColkitto as we call him, has landed somewhere about Kinlochaline or Knoydart. This portends damnably, if I, an elder ordained of this kirk, may say so. We have enough to do with the Athole gentry and others nearer home. It means that I must on with plate and falchion again, and out on the weary road for war I have little stomach for, to tell the truth."

"You're able for the best of them, MacCailein," cried John Splendid in a hot admiration. "For a scholar you have as good judgment on the field and as gallant a seat on the saddle as any man ever I saw in haberschone and morion. With your schooling I could go round the world conquering."

"Ah! flatterer, flatterer! Ye have all the guile of the tongue our enemies give Clan Campbell credit for, and that I wish I had a little more of. Still and on, it's no time for fair words. Look! Elrigmore. You'll have heard of our little state in this shire for the past ten years, and not only in this shire but all over the West Highlands. I give you my word I'm no sooner with the belt off me and my chair pulled into my desk and papers than it's some one beating a point of war or a piper blowing the warning under my window. To look at my history for the past few years any one might think I was Dol' Gorm him-

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self, fight and plot, plot and fight! How can I help it—thrust into this hornets' nest from the age of sixteen, when my father (*beannachd leis!*) took me out warring against the islesmen, and I only in the humour for playing at shinty or fishing like the boys on the moorlochs behind the town. I would sooner be a cottar in Auchnagoul down there, with porridge for my every meal, than constable, chastiser, what not, or whatever I am, of all these vexed Highlands. Give me my book in my closet, or at worst let me do my country's work in a courtier's way with brains, and I would ask no more."

"Except Badenoch and Nether Lochaber—fat land, fine land, MacCailein!" said John Splendid, laughing cunningly.

The Marquis's face flamed up.

"You're an ass, John," he said; "picking up the countryside's gossip. I have no love for the Athole and Great Glen folks, as ye ken; but I could long syne have got letters of fire and sword that made Badenoch and Nether Lochaber mine if I had the notion. Don't interrupt me with your nonsense, cousin; I'm telling Elrigmore here, for he's young and has skill of civilised war, that there may in very few weeks be need of every arm in the parish or shire to baulk Colkitto. The MacDonald and other malignants have been robbing high and low from Lochow to Loch Finne this while back; I have hanged them a score a month at the town-head there, but that's dealing with small affairs, and I'm sore mistaken if we have not cruel times to come."

"Well, sir," I said. "What can I do?"

The Marquis bit his moustachio and ran a spur on the ground for a little without answering, as one in a quandary, and then he said, "You're no vassal of mine, Baron" (as if he were half sorry for it), "but all you Glen Shira folk are well disposed to me and mine, and have good cause, though that MacNaughton fellow's a Papisher. What I had in my mind was that I might count on you taking a company of our fencible men, as John here is going to do, and going overbye to Lorn with me to cut off those Irish blackguards of Alasdair MacDonald's from joining Montrose."

For some minutes I stood turning the thing over in my mind, being by nature slow to take on any scheme of high emprise without some scrupulous balancing of chances. Half-way up the closes, in the dusk, and in their rooms, well back from the windows, or far up the street, all aloof from his Majesty MacCailein Mor, the good curious people of Inneraora watched us. They could little guess the pregnancy of our affairs. For me, I thought how wearily I had looked for some rest from wars, at home in Glen Shira after my long years of foreign service: now that I was here, and my mother no more, my old father needed me on hill and field; Argile's quarrel was not my quarrel until Argile's enemies were at the foot of Ben Bhuidhe or coming all boden in fier of war up the pass of Shira Glen; I liked adventure, and a captaincy was a captaincy, but—

"Is it boot and saddle at once, my lord?" I asked.

"It must be that or nothing. When a viper's head is coming out of a hole, crunch it incontinent, or the tail may be more than you can manage."

"Then, my lord," said I, "I must cry off. On this jaunt at least. It would be my greatest pleasure to go with you and my friend M'Iver, not to mention all the good fellows I'm bound to know in rank in your regiment, but for my duty to my father and one or two other considerations that need not be named. But—if this be any use—I give my word that should MacDonald or any other force come this side the passes at Accurach Hill, or anywhere east Lochow, my time and steel are yours."

MacCailein Mor looked a bit annoyed, and led us at a fast pace up to the gate of the castle that stood, high towered and embrasured for heavy pieces, stark and steeve above town Inneraora. A most curious, dour, and moody man, with a mind roving from key to key. Every now and then he would stop and think a little without a word, then on, and run his fingers through his hair or fumble nervously at his leathern buttons, paying small heed to the Splendid and I, who convoyed him, so we got into a crack about the foreign field of war.

"Quite right, Elrigmore, quite right," at last cried the Marquis, pulling up short, and looked me plumb in the eyes. "Bide at hame while bide

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ye may. I would never go on this affair myself if by God's grace I was not Marquis of Argile and son of a house with many bitter foes. But, hark ye! a black day looms for these over home-lands if ever Montrose and those Irish dogs get through our passes. For twenty thousand pounds Saxon I would not have the bars off the two roads of Accurach! And I thank you, Elrigmore, that at the worst I can count on your service at home. We may need good men here on Loch Finneside as well as further afield, overrun as we are by the blackguardism of the North and the Papist clans around us. Come in, friends, and have your meridian. I have a flagon of French brown brandy you never tasted the equal of in any town you sacked in all Low Germanie."

CHAPTER III.

John Splendid looked at me from the corner of an eye as we came out again and daundered slowly down the town.

"A queer one yon!" said he, as it were feeling his way with a rapier point at my mind about his Marquis.

"Imph'm," I muttered, giving him parry of low quarte like a good swordsman, and he came to the recover with a laugh.

"Foil, Elrigmore!" he cried. "But we're soldiers and lads of the world, and you need hardly be so canny. You see MacCailein's points as well as I do. His one weakness is the old one—books, books—the curse of the Highlands and every man of spirit, say I! He has the stuff in him by nature, for none can deny Clan Diarmaid courage and knightliness; but for four generations court, closet, and college have been taking the heart out of our chiefs. Had our lordship in-bye been sent a fostering in the old style, brought up to the chase and the sword and manly comportment, he would not have that wan cheek this day, and that swithering about what he must be at next!"

"You forget that I have had the same ill-training," I said (in no bad humour, for I followed his mind). "I had a touch of Glascow College myself."

"Yes, yes," he answered quickly; "you had that, but by all accounts it did you no harm. You learned little of what they teach there."

This annoyed me, I confess, and John Splendid was gleg enough to see it.

"I mean," he added, "you caught no fever for paper and ink, though you may have learned many a quirk I was the better of myself. I could never even write my name; and I've kept compt of wages at the mines with a pickle chuckie-stones."

"That's a pity," says I, drily.

"Oh, never a bit," says he gaily, or at any rate with a way as if to carry it off vauntingly. "I can do many things as well as most, and a few other colleges never learned me. I know many *sgeulachdan*, from 'Minochag and Morag' to 'The Shifty Lad'; I can make passable poetry by word of mouth; I can speak the English and the French; and I have seen enough of courtiers to know that half their canons are to please and witch the eye of women in a way that I could undertake to do by my looks alone and some good-humour. Show me a beast on hill or in glen I have not the history of; and if dancing, singing, the sword, the gun, the pipes—ah, not the pipes—it's my one envy in the world to play the bagpipes with some show of art and delicacy, and I cannot. Queer is that, indeed, and I so keen on them! I would tramp right gaily a night and a day on end to hear a scholar fingering 'The Glen is Mine.'"

There was a witless vanity about my friend that sat on him almost like a virtue. He made parade of his crafts less, I could see, because he thought much of them than because he wanted to keep himself on an equality with me. In the same way, as I hinted before, he never, in all the time of our wanderings after, did a thing well before me but he bode to keep up my self-respect by maintaining that I could do better or at least as good.

"Books, I say," he went on, as we clinked heels on the causeway-stones, and between my little bit cracks with old friends in the by-going—"books, I say, have spoiled MacCailein's stomach. Ken ye what he told me once? That a man might readily show more valour in a conclusion come to in the privacy of his bed closet than in a victory won on the field. That's what they teach by way of manly doctrine down there in the new English church, under the pastorage of Maister Alexander Gordon, chaplain to his lordship and minister to

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his lordship's people! It must be the old Cavalier in me, but somehow (in your lug) I have no broo of those Covenanting cattle from the low country; though Gordon's a good soul, there's no denying."

"Are you Catholic?" I said, in a surprise.

"What are you yourself?" he asked, *more Scottic*è (as we say in the Humanities), and then he flushed, for he saw a little smile in my face at the transparency of his endeavour to be always on the pleasing side.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I'm depending on salvation by reason of a fairly good heart, and an eagerness to wrong no man, gentle or semple. I love my fellows, one and all, not offhand as the Catechism enjoins, but heartily, and I never saw the fellow, carl or king, who, if ordinary honest and cheerful, I could not lie heads and thraws with at a camp-fire. In matters of strict ritual, now—ha—um!"

"Out with it, man!" I cried, laughing.

"I'm like Parson Kilmalieu upbye. You've heard of him—easy-going soul, and God sain him! When it came to the bit, he turned the holy-water font of Kilachatrine blue-stone upside-down, scooped a hole in the bottom, and used the new hollow for Protestant baptism. 'There's such a throng about heaven's gate,' said he, 'that it's only a mercy to open two;' and he was a good and humoursome Protestant-Papist till the day he went under the flagstones of his chapel upbye."

Now here was not a philosophy to my mind. I fought in the German wars less for the kreutzers than for a belief (never much studied out, but fervent) that Protestantism was the one good faith, and that her ladyship of Babylon, that's ever on the ran-dan, cannot have her downfall one day too soon. You dare not be playing corners-change-corners with religion as you can with the sword of what the ill-bred have called a mercenary (when you come to ponder on't, the swords of patriot or paid man are both for selfish ends unsheathed), and if I set down here word for word what John Splendid said, it must not be thought to be in homologation on my part of such latitudinarianism.

I let him run on in this key till we came to the change-house of a widow—one Fraser—and as she curtsied at the door, and asked if the braw gentlemen would favour her poor parlour, we went in and tossed a quaich or two of aqua, to which end she set before us a little brown bottle and two most cunningly contrived and carven cups made of the Coillebhraid silver.

The houses in Inneraora were, and are, built all very much alike, on a plan I thought somewhat cosy and genteel, ere ever I went abroad and learned better. I do not even now deny the cosieness of them, but of the genteelity it were well to say little. They were tall lands or tenements, three storeys high, with through-going closes, or what the English might nominate passages, running from front to back, and leading at their midst to stairs, whereby the occupants got to their domiciles in the flats above. Curved stairs they were, of the same blue stone the castle is built of, and on their landings at each storey they branched right and left to give access to the single apartments or rooms and kitchens of the residenters. Throng tenements they are these, even yet, giving, as I write, clever children to the world. His Grace nowadays might be granting the poor people a little more room to grow in, some soil for their kail, and a better prospect from their windows than the whitewashed wall of the opposite land; but in the matter of air there was and is no complaint. The sea in stormy days came bellowing to the very doors, salt and stinging, tremendous blue and cold. Staying in town of a night, I used to lie awake in my relative's, listening to the spit of the waves on the window-panes and the grumble of the tide, that rocked the land I lay in till I could well fancy it was a ship. Through the closes of a night the wind ever stalked like something fierce and blooded, rattling the iron snecks with an angry finger, breathing beastily at the hinge, and running back a bit once in a while to leap all the harder against groaning lintel and post.

The change-house of the widow was on the ground-flat, a but and ben, the ceilings arched with stone—a strange device in masonry you'll find seldom elsewhere, Highland or Lowland. But she had a garret-room up two stairs where properly she abode, the close flat being reserved for trade of vending

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uisgebaigh and ale. I describe all this old place so fully because it bears on a little affair that happened therein on that day John Splendid and I went in to clink glasses.

The widow had seen that neither of us was very keen on her aqua, which, as it happened, was raw new stuff brewed over at Kames, Lochow, and she asked would we prefer some of her brandy.

"After his lordship's it might be something of a downcome," said John Splendid, half to me and half to the woman.

She caught his meaning, though he spoke in the English, and in our own tongue, laughing toothlessly, she said—

"The same stilling, Barbreck, the same stilling I make no doubt. MacCailein gets his brown brandy by my brother's cart from French Foreland; it's a rough road, and sometimes a bottle or two spills on the way. I've a flagon up in a cupboard in my little garret, and I'll go fetch it."

She was over-old a woman to climb three steep stairs for the sake of two young men's drought, and I (having always some regard for the frail) took the key from her hand and went, as was common enough with her younger customers, seeking my own liquor up the stair.

In those windy flights in the fishing season there is often the close smell of herring-scale, of bow tar and the bark-tan of the fishing nets; but this stair I climbed for the wherewithal was unusually sweet odoured and clean, because on the first floor was the house of Provost Brown—a Campbell and a Gael, but burdened by accident with a Lowland-sounding cognomen. He had the whole flat to himself—half a dozen snug apartments with windows facing the street or the sea as he wanted. I was just at the head of the first flight when out of a door came a girl, and I clean forgot all about the widow's flask of French brandy.

Little more than twelve years syne the Provost's daughter had been a child at the grammar school, whose one annoyance in life was that the dominie called her Betsy instead of Betty, her real own name; here she was, in the flat of her father's house in Inneraora town, a full-grown woman, who gave me check in my stride and set my face flaming. I took in her whole appearance at one glance—a way we have in foreign armies. Between my toe on the last step of the stair and the landing I read the picture: a well-bred woman, from her carriage, the neatness of her apparel, the composure of her pause to let me bye in the narrow passage to the next stair; not very tall (I have ever had a preference for such as come no higher than neck and oxter); very dark brown hair, eyes sparkling, a face rather pale than ruddy, soft skinned, full of a keen nervousness.

In this matter of a woman's eyes—if I may quit the thread of my history—I am a trifle fastidious, and I make bold to say that the finest eyes in the world are those of the Highland girls of Argile—burgh or landward—the best bred and gentlest of them I mean. There is in them a full and melting friendliness, a mixture to my sometimes notion of poetry and of calm—a memory, as I've thought before, of the deep misty glens and their sights and secrets. I have seen more of the warm heart and merriment in a simple Loch Finne girl's eyes than in all the faces of all the grand dames ever I looked on, Lowland or foreign.

What pleased me first and foremost about this girl Betty, daughter of Provost Brown, were her eyes, then, that showed, even in yon dusky passage, a humoursome interest in young Elrigmore in a kilt coming up-stairs swinging on a finger the key of Lucky Fraser's garret. She hung back doubtfully, though she knew me (I could see) for her old school-fellow and sometime boy-lover, but I saw something of a welcome in the blush at her face, and I gave her no time to chill to me.

"Betty lass, 'tis you," said I, putting out a hand and shaking her soft fingers. "What think you of my ceremony in calling at the earliest chance to pay my devoirs to the Provost of this burgh and his daughter?"

I put the key behind my back to give colour a little to my words; but my lady saw it and jumped at my real errand on the stair, with that quickness ever accompanying eyes of the kind I have mentioned.

"Ceremony here, devoir there!" said she, smiling, "there was surely no need for a key to our door, Elrigmore—"

"Colin, Mistress Brown, plain Colin, if you please."

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"Colin, if you will, though it seems daftlike to be so free with a soldier of twelve years' fortune. You were for the widow's garret. Does some one wait on you below?"

"John Splendid."

"My mother's in-bye. She will be pleased to see you back again if you and your friend call. After you've paid the lawing," she added, smiling like a rogue.

"That will we," said I; but I hung on the stairhead, and she leaned on the inner sill of the stair window.

We got into a discourse upon old days, that brought a glow to my heart the brandy I forgot had never brought to my head. We talked of school, and the gay days in wood and field, of our childish wanderings on the shore, making sand-keps and stone houses, herding the crabs of God—so little that bairns dare not be killing them, of venturings to sea many ells out in tow-caulked herring-boxes, of journeys into the brave deep woods that lie far and wide round Inneraora, seeking the spruce branch for the Beltane fire; of nutting in the hazels of the glens, and feasts upon the berry on the brae. Later, the harvest-home and the dance in green or barn when I was at almost my man's height, with the pluck to put a bare lip to its apprenticeship on a woman's cheek; the songs at *ceilidh* fires, the telling of *sgeulachdan* and fairy tales up on the mountain sheiling—

"Let me see," said I; "when I went abroad, were not you and one of the Glenaora Campbells chief?"

I said it as if the recollection had but sprung to me, while the truth is I had thought on it often in camp and field, with a regret that the girl should throw herself off on so poor a partner.

She laughed merrily with her whole soul in the business, and her face without art or pretence—a fashion most wholesome to behold.

"He married some one nearer him in years long syne," said she. "You forget I was but a bairn when we romped in the hay-dash." And we buckled to the crack again, I more keen on it than ever. She was a most marvellous fine girl, and I thought her (well I mind me now) like the blue harebell that nods upon our heather hills.

We might, for all I dreamt of the widow's brandy, have been conversing on the stair-head yet, and my story had a different conclusion, had not a step sounded on the stair, and up banged John Splendid, his sword-scabbard clinking against the wall of the stair with the haste of him.

"Set a Cavalier at the side of an anker of brandy," he cried, "and—"

Then he saw he was in company. He took off his bonnet with a sweep I'll warrant he never learned anywhere out of France, and plunged into the thick of our discourse with a query.

"At your service, Mistress Brown," said he. "Half my errand to town to-day was to find if young MacLachlan, your relative, is to be at the market here to-morrow. If so—"

"He is," said Betty.

"Will he be intending to put up here all night, then?"

"He comes to supper at least," said she, "and his bidding overnight is yet to be settled."

John Splendid toyed with the switch in his hand in seeming abstraction, and yet as who was pondering on how to put an unwelcome message in plausible language.

"Do you know," said he at last to the girl, in a low voice, for fear his words should reach the ears of her mother in-bye, "I would as well see MacLachlan out of town the morn's night. There's a waft of cold airs about this place not particularly wholesome for any of his clan or name. So much I would hardly care to say to himself; but he might take it from you, madam, that the other side of the loch is the safest place for sound sleep for some time to come."

"Is it the MacNicolls you're thinking of?" asked the girl.

"That same, my dear."

"You ken," he went on, turning fuller round to me, to tell a story he guessed a new-comer was unlikely to know the ins and outs of—"You ken that one of the MacLachlans, a cousin-german of old Lachie the chief, come over in a boat to Braleckan a few weeks syne on an old feud, and put a bullet into a MacNicoll, a peaceable lad who was at work in a field. Gay times, gay times, aren't they? From behind a dyke wall too—a far from gentlemanly escapade even in a MacLa— Pardon, mistress, I forgot your relationship, but this was surely a very low dog of his

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kind. Now from that day to this the murtherer is to find ; there are some to say old Lachie could put his hand on him at an hour's notice if he had the notion. But his lordship, Justiciar-General, upbye, has sent his provost-marshal with letters of arrest to the place in vain. Now here's my story. The MacNicolls of Elrig have joined cause with their cousins and namesakes of Braleckan ; there's a wheen of both to be in the town at the market to-mor row, and if young MacLachlan bides in this house of yours overnight, Mistress Betty Brown, you'll maybe hae broken delf and worse ere the day daw."

Mistress Brown took it very coolly, and as for me, I was thinking of a tiny brown mole-spot she used to have low on the white of her neck when I put daisy-links on her on the summers we played on the green, and wondering if it was still to the fore and hid below her collar. In by the window came the saucy breeze and kissed her on a curl that danced above her ear.

"I hope there will be no lawlessness here," said she : "if the gentleman *will* go, he *will* go home ; if he bides, he bides, and surely the burghers of Inneraora will not quietly see their Provost's domicile invaded by brawlers."

"Exactly so," said John Splendid drily. "Nothing may come of it, but you might mention the affair to MacLachlan if you have the chance. For me to tell him would be to put him in the humour for staying—dour fool that he is—out of pure bravado and defiance. To tell the truth, I would bide myself in such a case. 'Thole feud' is my motto. My grand-dad writ it on the butt of his sword-blade in clear round print letters, I've often marvelled at the skill of. If it's your will, Elrigmore, we may be doing without the brandy, and give the house-dame a call now."

We went in and paid our duties to the good wife—a silver-haired dame with a wonderful number of Betty's turns in her voice, and ready sober smile.

(*To be continued.*)

PARIS LETTER.

I hope the readers of THE BOOKMAN do not expect me to have read all the works that have come from the French presses since my last letter. It has been one of the most prolific four weeks the French book trade has known, and fortunately these four weeks have been remarkable not simply for the number, but also for the quality of the books published. No masterpiece has appeared, to be sure, but a number of works which are decidedly above the average.

The first to be mentioned, perhaps, the one which will be most seriously discussed, is Maurice Barrès's new novel, *Les Déracinés*. *Uprooted!* might be a good translation of the title, and I suggest it to the translator, whoever he, or she, alas ! may be that will undertake to bring it before the American public. The attraction, the fascination exercised by Paris upon natives of the provinces has been more than once noticed, and sometimes deplored. It makes the main subject of Barrès's book, which is full of penetrating observations. It is freer from mannerisms than most of his former works, and the two sequels that are announced will be awaited with interest. *Les Déracinés* is only the first of a series, the general title of which is *Le Roman de l'Energie Nationale ;* the other two volumes will be *L'Appel au Soldat* and *L'Appel au Juge*.

Les Amants Bizantins, by Hugues Le Roux, is a very different book, a passionate love story, and will do much toward placing its author near the front rank of the younger generation of French writers. He is certainly one of the most indefatigable ones, and what he writes, whether in a serious vein, like his inquiries in the social conditions of modern French life, or in a lighter one, like his novels, is very seldom dull. Although he has of late published a volume, on an average, every fourth month, there is no sign of haste in his productions ; they strike the reader as something finished, over which a great deal of time has been spent. He is, perhaps, the most robust writer of his generation.

Whether the generation itself is quite as robust as it wishes to appear may,

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moreover, be questioned ; and the question is negatively answered in a very witty and curious book, *L'Age du Muscle*, by Mr. Riquet.

A prolific month would not be complete without a novel by George Ohnet. *Les Vieilles Rancunes* is neither better nor worse than a great deal which has come from the same source.

Figures et Choses qui Passaient, such is the somewhat strange and far-fetched title of Pierre Loti's last production. It will be welcomed by the class of readers that can endure Loti only in small doses. I confess that I am not far from belonging to that class.

Of course a great many more novels have been published, but I do not intend to give you a full catalogue of the good, bad, and indifferent. Zola's *Paris*, which is now appearing in *feuilleton*, certainly does not belong to the last category, and is followed with a good deal of interest.

More interest, perhaps, has been excited by another book, not fiction, but in many respects stranger than fiction, *Impressions Cellulaires*, by M. Baïhaut. Its author is the sorry politician who, when a cabinet minister, boldly levied 750,000 francs blackmail on the ill-fated Panama Company, and was sent therefor to the penitentiary. He now relates his impressions, while undergoing solitary confinement, which he had, as he had a right to by the law, chosen in preference to promiscuousness with the other prisoners. Strange times, in which a criminal, provided he can wield a pen, is enabled to derive money out of his very delinquencies !

To those who wish to know well the development of France in the last twenty-five years, I must mention a strong and, on the whole, very severe book, written by a very well-informed man who writes over the *nom de plume* of Ernest Charles. The title is *Théories Sociales et Politiciens ;* it discusses the career and ideas of seven public men, five of whom are still living, and even comparatively young—Messrs. Albert de Mun, Léon Bourgeois, Jules Guesde, Jean Jaurès, and Paul Deschanel. The other two are Léon Gambetta and Léon Say. In order to be anything like complete, the book ought to have contained also sketches of Jules Ferry and Georges Clémenceau. Still, as it is, it is and will remain worth consulting.

How shall we class General Carrey de Bellemare's book, *L'Empire, c'est la Paix ?* Is it poetry, is it history ? The general, who was one of the most conspicuous military figures during the siege of Paris, gives us there narratives of events in which he has borne a part ; but in order, so he says, to avoid prolixity and wordiness, he rejected prose, and his book is a book of verses ; a strange undertaking, to say the least !

With Mr. Arthur Chuquet we are entirely in the domain of history. His last volume, *La Jeunesse de Napoléon*, is sure to be very soon translated in English. It is a very important contribution to Napoleonic literature. Mr. Chuquet, who is the editor of *La Revue Critique*, is one of our most diligent and cautious investigators. Interesting comparisons are sure to be made between his book and the opening chapters of Professor Sloane's *Napoleon*.

Another book to be classed among Napoleoniana is Frédéric Masson's *Marie Walewska*. It forms an interesting addition to Masson's former work, *Napoléon et les Femmes*. By the way, do you know that one of the common descendants of Napoleon and Marie Walewska, one of their grandsons, was a son of Mademoiselle Rachel, whose letters to her teacher and friend, Samson, the great comedian, are just about to be published ? Samson, Mademoiselle Rachel ! "*Commediante, tragediante !*" that is just what Pope Pius VII. said of Napoleon !

Marie Antoinette, who has just found a new historian, was neither a comedian nor a tragedian, though there was a good deal of comedy in her life, and it ended in one of the most pathetic tragedies the world has known. *Marie Antoinette, Dauphine*, by Pierre de Nolhac, is certainly one of the best, as it is one of the least pretentious books written about the unfortunate wife of poor Louis XVI. Though decidedly favourable to the young princess, whose history it carries down to her accession to the throne of France, it is remarkably free from the sickly sentimentality one is almost sure to find in the panegyrics of a princess who is to-day condemned as severely by many as she is worshipped by others. M. de Nolhac's book, though short, gives the most vivid view we know of the court of France at the end of the reign of Louis XV. The same

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author had published formerly another volume on *Marie Antoinette, Reine de France*, so that he has now given us a complete history of his heroine, down to her downfall.

With *Napoléon III. et sa Cour*, of Imbert de Saint-Amand, and *Guillaume II. Intime*, of Maurice Leudet, we still remain among royalties. Both books are written in a light vein and give a good deal of anecdotical information.

Anecdotical information is not what will be looked for, and neither is it what will be found, in Ferdinand Brunetière's just published volume. It is his long-promised *Manuel de l'Histoire de la Littérature Française*, which is, unless I am greatly mistaken, to appear soon in an English, or rather an American translation, to be published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The first lines of M. Brunetière's preface contain an implied promise to write a longer and more exhaustive history of French literature. It is, indeed, an open secret that the great critic has been greatly dissatisfied by the bulky co-operative history of French literature which is now being published under the editorship of Professor Petit de Julleville, and that he has repeatedly given utterance to the sentiment that he could all alone easily beat the performance of the array of authors to whom its different chapters have been intrusted.

In the mean time he goes along carrying on his work as editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and does not seem to be greatly disturbed by the lawsuit in which he is soon to appear as defendant. The plaintiff is Mr. Alfred Dubout, who a few months ago had a tragedy, *Frédégonde*, acted at the Théâtre Français. The play was a failure. It displeased the public, it also displeased Jules Lemaître, who said it, and wittily, as is customary with him, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Alfred Dubout's estimate of his own play is very different from Jules Lemaître's,

> "Et ma grande raison, c'est que j'en suis l'auteur!"

as Trissotin says in Molière, and he insists on having the *Revue* print a long answer of his to his critic's strictures. He appeals to the statute which gives to a man attacked in a paper the right to have placed at his disposal, for his defence, space twice as large as that given to the attack. Brunetière, of course, will take the ground that in presenting his play to the public M. Dubont invited, and in advance accepted, criticism, and it is announced that he will be his own counsel before the court. His defence is sure to be a masterpiece of witty and forceful reasoning, and his appearance in court will be one of the gala days in December.

In regard to the French courts, anybody who wants to know about them can learn much in a very entertaining and withal very serious book just now published, *La Cour d'Assises*, by Jean Cruppi. The book, the author of which is one of the State's attorneys before the Court of Appeals of Paris, is not simply an account, but also a criticism of the method of procedure of the French courts, and proposes remedies for existing evils.

I shall not close this review without mentioning the publication of an interesting volume of *reliquiæ*. I allude to the *Notes d'Art et de Littérature* of Joseph Capperon. The author died in 1896, when not quite thirty years of age. The little book, which has piously been put together by his friends, is made up of short, but very pithy contributions to the daily and weekly press. It makes one regret that their author was so prematurely snatched away.

We had a few days ago, on the 18th, the annual session of the Académie Française, the occasion of which Renan said that there is one day in the year in which virtue is rewarded. Jules Claretie read the report on the "Prix de vertu," and Gaston Boissier the report on the literary prizes. Among the latter I notice two that will be of special interest to Americans. They were awarded to *Les Américaines chez Elles*, by Thérèse Bentzon (Madame Blanc), and *La Société Américaine*, by Mademoiselle Dugard. Among the other prizes I shall mention two given, one to *La Maison de l'Enfance*, by Fernand Gregh, in spite of the novelties in versification accepted by the young poet, and the other to Frédéric Mistral, for his poem of the Rhone, in spite of its not being in French, but in Provençal. The old lady is making progresses! as we say here.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, November 23, 1897.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

There has been a painful and rather alarming activity among our correspondents since the November Letter Box appeared; and the batch of letters now before us is the largest that we have ever had to cope with at one time. We can, in fact, find space for only about one half of them in the present issue. Most of them are mild and serious. We are not afraid to answer them.

I.

A lady in Trenton, New Jersey, pleads with us to "do a little missionary work in behalf of 'awfully.'" She wants us to say something harsh about the use of such expressions as "awfully nice," "awfully sweet," and so forth. We should like to oblige her, but really we don't object to this particular colloquialism ourselves. It has, to our minds, a sort of classical flavour, recalling the familiar use in Latin of such adverbs as *misere* and *perdite*.

II.

Dr. Pierce Bailey of this city is grieved because we said in the last Letter Box that we had never heard of Sonyea, New York. He informs us that it is in Livingston County, that the name is Indian, and that there is a colony of epileptics in the place.

Well, we don't mind.

III.

This Sonyea business is troubling others also. Here is a postal-card in which the signature is multitudinously suggestive of a great popular uprising. It reads as follows:

"Let us be brighter than the man from Sonyea, and repeat his question without 'sarcasm.'
"OTHER READERS."

We always yield to a popular uprising, so we reprint herewith the question asked in November by the Man from Sonyea. It was this:

"DEAR EDITORS: I noticed in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN that a writer had submitted some manuscript to you after he had received many favourable notices from well-known authors. Well, what I cannot understand is why he sent the manuscript to THE BOOKMAN at all."

Here is our answer: The aforesaid writer, who had submitted his manuscript to sundry well-known authors and had received favourable notices from them, sent it to THE BOOKMAN in order to discover whether the well-known authors were really justified in being so very favourable. And he found out.

IV.

Another postal-card, with no signature to it, quotes part of a sentence from an article of ours in the Christmas number, and puts an exclamation-point at the end of the quotation. The exclamation-point means that the writer of the card desires to fleer at our syntax. This is the quotation. We reproduce also the exclamation-point.

"Somehow or other, in the end, after everybody had used up all their cartridges!—*December* BOOKMAN, p. 315."

Now this person would have written "*his* cartridges." But we didn't, and for two reasons. First, we never object to the figure Synesis, and we think that "everybody" conveys here a distinct notion of plurality. Again, the party spoken of contained one woman; and if we had written "his," it would not have been technically true, and would besides have called attention to the fact that there is in English no pronoun of the common gender. And we always hate to uncover the nakedness of the English language.

V.

From Lawrence, Kansas, comes the brief inquiry:

"Please inform me if the following sentence is correct: 'Seven and five *is* twelve.'"

Not to our way of thinking; but some persons will justify it by saying that the expression "seven-and-five" is an entity, which they call a singular concept, and thus they use with it a verb in the singular number.

VI.

Mr. Edward W. Townsend writes us an amusing letter with regard to the *Chap-Book's* criticism of his last volume, *Near a Whole City Full*. We should like

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to print this letter, but we must stick to our precedents and not open our pages to animadversions on our literary contemporaries. And besides, what difference can it make to Mr. Townsend or to any one else what the *Chap-Book* said?

VII.

A Chicago lady who writes very pleasantly, and doesn't get into a huff over our rule about not returning manuscripts, asks this really pertinent question:

"I would like to know one thing. If a person has the temerity to send manuscripts to THE BOOKMAN, how does he (a woman wouldn't dare!) know that they are accepted? They are not sent back, and it may be months before they appear. What would be a reasonable time to wait before sending a copy of the manuscripts elsewhere?

"If this is not a reasonable question, don't answer it.

"It would take more than that to destroy my liking for the most delightful of magazines.

"Cordially yours."

Now this is the way to write to an editor when you want to convert him into a human being and make him do things for you! Well, about the manuscripts. If the writer is not notified of their acceptance in the course of a month, he (or she) may infer that they are not available for THE BOOKMAN'S purposes. Really, that was a very fetching letter. And the first part, which we refrain from printing, was better still.

VIII.

A legal gentleman in Atlanta, Georgia, writes us six pages of combined praise and good-humoured criticism. We must omit the praise and condense the criticism. These are the points he raises:

"1. Why did the author of the article on 'Fonetic Refawrm' in the November BOOKMAN use the editorial 'we' when writing, apparently, in an individual capacity?"

Because that is his way. Force of habit, probably.

"2. May not his remarks on the American Philological Association be regarded as due to a feeling of spite at not securing admission to that learned body?"

Hardly; as he has been a member of the Association for a good many years.

"3. Why is it any better to say 'some one's else' than to say 'Peter's the Great'?"

Because in the former expression the "else" is less essentially united with the "some one" than is the "Great" with "Peter."

"4. Why did Mr. G. M. Hyde, in a recent review, use the exclamation 'Great heavens!' Is there a plurality of heavens?"

We presume that Mr. Hyde meant this as the plural of excellence; and if so, he has the excellent authority of the Book of Genesis, which in the original Hebrew regularly speaks of heaven in the plural form.

IX.

A gentleman in Rahway, New Jersey, writes thus:

"Some time ago you stated, in answer to a correspondent, that there are no living American humourists who are doing good humourous work. Did you not overlook Mr. Frank Stockton?"

Well, of course there are those who rank Mr. Stockton among the great humourists of all time; but as for ourselves personally, we have always been able to read everything of his without bursting into loud guffaws.

X.

From Louisville, Kentucky, a correspondent, who signs himself "A *Times* Reporter," asks two questions.

"1. Will you kindly discriminate the meanings of 'farther' and 'further'?"

Popularly they are used as though they were identical in origin and meaning; but they are really not connected. "Farther" is, of course, the comparative of "far," while "further" is the comparative of "fore" and means "more to the front," the true superlative of it being "first."

"2. Can you give me an idea of the religious belief of Emerson? Not what he *was* (I know that), but the nature or a definition of his belief."

See Emerson's "Address to the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge," delivered by him in July, 1838. To our mind this is a plea for extreme individualism, making the consciousness of each man the supreme judge of matters spiritual, and defying all traditional or dogmatic authority. But it would be well if our correspondent would read the "Address" for himself.

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XI.

A Clear White Soul from Philadelphia, who loves peace, and is probably of Quaker ancestry, writes plaintively these words :

"I see that THE BOOKMAN, the *Critic*, and the *Chap-Book* are continually publishing little flings at one another. Is not this at variance with the spirit of literature, which ought to be serene and tolerant? Is there any justification for these displays of malice?"

Malice? Bless you! there is no malice. It is only a little amicable sparring to keep the editorial blood in circulation and prevent things from getting too dull in the literary world. We think a great deal of the *Critic*, and always read it with eagerness, especially when it is doing us up or calling us down. And as to the *Chap-Book*, which has a very nasty temper of its own, and which periodically accuses us of pretty nearly everything from plagiarism, vulgarity, and slander to ignorance and general imbecility—even the *Chap-Book* doesn't really mean anything by it. Whenever its editor visits this town we hope he will drop in and see us. We will take his battle-axes and poisoned darts and stack them up neatly in our umbrella-stand, and then talk shop with him for half an hour any day in the week. You see, we have a perfectly clear conscience and a remarkably good digestion, and it takes a very able person to get a rise out of us.

Some fairly belligerent letters have come in during this month, but they are inappropriate to the Christmas season; so we have locked them up in our fire-proof safe until the appearance of the next number.

NEW BOOKS.

AN AMERICAN EDITION OF CICERO'S LETTERS.*

The extremely limited amount of ancient classical literature available for teaching purposes in editions prepared by American scholars is again indicated by the fact that the *Selected Letters of Cicero* of Professor Abbott, of the University of Chicago, is the first acceptable American edition. Other editions of like scope are announced as in preparation by Professor Pease in the *Students' Series of Latin Classics*, and by Professor Platner in the recently initiated Allyn and Bacon's *College Latin Series*, and one for school use by Professor Dillard. Even if all these attain the high level of the edition before us, we shall not be surfeited; but future editors will especially deserve our gratitude by including in their volumes only such letters of Professor Abbott's selection as must needs find a place in any specimen of Cicero's correspondence. For the others, they can easily substitute the desired amount of text of altogether equal interest and value.

This very matter of the choice of letters for a small volume is probably the most difficult of decision with which the editor has to deal. Not only has he to determine what particular aspect of the correspondence he wishes to make most prominent—the language, the life and labour of Cicero as it impressed Cicero himself, his offhand account of current events that have become historic, the private life of the people of Rome, or the implied ethics—but he must, furthermore, make choice from a large number of letters of nearly equal value for his purposes. Our present editor has not thus confined himself to a particular aspect of the correspondence, but has chosen a hundred letters which are likely to be accepted as fairly representative of the whole. It may be questioned whether the choice could well be so free in the case of an edition for other than advanced students, inasmuch as minute historical knowledge and an intimate acquaintance with all sides of Roman public and private life is necessary for the intelligent reading of the entire correspondence. The range in time of Professor Abbott's selection may be seen from the fact that the initial letter is only the tenth of the extant correspondence, and the final letter the last left to us.

Of the letters given, seventy-one are from the so-called *Epistulæ ad Familiares*, twenty-five from the *Epistulæ ad Atticum*

* Selected Letters of Cicero. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Frank Frost Abbott. Boston: Ginn & Co.

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(but three of these are enclosures), and four *Ad Quintum Fratrem*. The arrangement is, of course, chronological. Most of the more famous letters find a place in the volume, among them *Att.* i. 1, on the political situation and the writer's canvass for the consulship; *Att.* i. 16, descriptive of the trial of Clodius for violation of the rites of the *Bona Dea;* the naïve and *valde bella epistula* to Lucceius (*Fam.* v. 12); the somewhat hypocritical account of the games that celebrated the opening of Pompey's theatre (*Fam.* v. 1); the letter of condolence from Sulpicius (*Fam.* iv. 5); and his account of the murder of Marcellus (*Fam.* iv. 12); and Matius's manly statement of his feeling for the dead Cæsar (*Fam.* xi. 28). There is a good showing of letters not found in any edition in English suited to class-room use: *Fam.* viii. 15; ix. 8, 11, 15, 24; x. 12; xiii. 50, 72; xiv. 8, 11, 12, 15, 17, 19, 20; xvi. 4, 6; *Att.* iii. 4, 12, 22; xii. 16. The many long and in some instances rather tedious letters are happily balanced by an unusually large number of the short notes from Books XIV and XVI. *Ad Fam.* and by the *jeux de mots* and *jeux d'esprit* of a large portion of the correspondence with Trebatius and with Pætus. Half of the letters of the selection were written during the last five years of Cicero's life—sad years of political ineffectualness and of sorrow.

Professor Abbott has printed the newly constituted text of Mendelssohn for the *Epist. ad Fam.*, Wesenberg's for the *Epist. ad Att.* (except for Books XII. and XIII., for which Schmidt's text is given) and Müller's for the *Epist. ad Quint. Frat.* Wesenberg's emendations are frequently displaced, usually by a return to the manuscript reading. There may appear to be serious *a priori* objections to the use, side by side, of the texts of critical scholars of so opposite views, but a hurried examination has revealed no startling failure to harmonise differences. The writing of compounds is not altogether consistent, and we confess to a dislike for the abbreviated *res p.* together with the full form and the like variations in other than a critical edition.

It is difficult to imagine any useful purpose for the critical appendix, the *apparatus* being, on the one hand, too meagre for helpful textual criticism, and on the other, more extensive than is otherwise demanded. In the case of such a book there is need only of a list of important departures from manuscript tradition or from the text which is the basis of the edition. In this, as in several important particulars, the editors of the various volumes of the *College Series of Latin Authors* differ in their practice. At one extreme, Professor Greenough makes no mention of critical matters; at the other, Professor Merrill, finding his warrant in his independent collation of the *Codex Oxoniensis* of Catullus, prints a fairly complete *apparatus*.

The introduction supplies the necessary information of the public and the private life of Cicero, of the implements and the conventions of the Roman letter writer, of the history of Cicero's correspondence, and of its diction. The commentary is especially happy and helpful in supplementing the introductions on this last point. It is a little unfortunate that so large a proportion of the citations of common colloquial usages are from the letters *to* Cicero. Misleading inferences are likely to be drawn also from the too definite classification as colloquial of many usages that are sufficiently common in formal prose. This may be seen, for example, in the statement as to "extravagance in expression," which takes no account of the hyperbole of Cicero's other works and chargeable to the national temperament and the prevailing literary style. The citation of an example is sometimes made by reference to its place in the traditional arrangement, where the number of the letter in the present selection would be more helpful. In one case (p. lxvi. 83*a*) there is a reference to a note that does no more than itself refer to another note.

Both introduction and commentary are so nearly adequate that it may reasonably be considered ungrateful to demand more; but some account of the way of writing upon the wax tablet should have been given, where so much space was allowed for a description of the use of papyrus, the matter of the epistolary use of tenses should have been made clearer in the introduction (this deficiency is, however, made good in the commentary), and some will undoubtedly miss the arguments in support of certain confident assertions of the notes on moot points.

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The phrase "in a large degree" is used loosely on p. xxi.; on p. xxii. "continued straight on toward his cherished purpose" is, perhaps, not strictly logical; there is an unfortunate use of either "other" or "affect" on p. lxix.; one may perhaps with propriety express a preference for *per cent* or *p. c.* over % in such a context as that of p. xxix. We who have heard nothing worse than, "Explain the whole business," wonder where "Tell me the whole business" may be in even vulgar use (p. 57). One is surprised at meeting the intangible Pseudodamasippus in such company as that of an index of proper names. The statement on p. lxi. that Greek did not directly influence colloquial speech is misleading in the light of the *sermo volgaris* of comedy. The editing of the collection *Ad Fam.* should be mentioned in the list of Tiro's literary undertaking (p. li.). The example cited for the colourless use of the compound with *per* (p. lxiv.) is not conclusive, for the phrase *quæ parcius frater perscripserat* certainly admits of translation as "which my brother had written in too little detail." To us the phrase *mihi ante oculos dies noctesque versaris* (p. 57) has no flavour of colloquial redundancy, but is the very idiom of formal prose. A casual reading has discovered few typographical errors: p. lvi., genitives in *ii*; p. lxiv., *benivolus*, although the preferable orthography stands in the text; p. 11 n., *Af-ricanum* for *A-fricanum*; *Sex* for *Sex.* in the third name of the index of proper names; in the name above, the use of the parentheses is inconsistent with the printing of other names of the list.

Professor Abbott has previously published in the *Archiv für lateinische Lexikographie* an earnest of independent work in this profitable field, and we are prepared to find throughout his edition the results of other investigations. These, however, are put forth so modestly side by side with the accepted views of the recent authorities, that it is easy to underestimate the substantial value of the book for the scholar. For teacher and student it is a veritable boon.

The index to the notes is made unusually serviceable by the classification of the matter of the commentary under such heads as "archaisms," "colloquial phrases," "popular expressions," and the like.

J. C. Kirtland, Jr.

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING'S LETTERS.*

Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon has edited, with biographical links, a large collection of letters by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and has done his work carefully and with knowledge. He evidently feels that something has to be said in justification of his volumes. Put shortly, his defence amounts to this—that the Brownings, who were very sensitive to publicity in their own lives, recognised that the public had some claims with regard to writers who had appealed to and partly lived by its favour. I am not disposed to criticise this. We are the gainers by these volumes, though not to a great extent. Nevertheless, I am morally certain that Mrs. Browning would not have wished them published, and I feel more than ever that it is wise to destroy all letters. There may be and there are occasions when you wish you had them again, but the balance of advantage is enormously on the other side.

Of course we are no strangers to Mrs. Browning's letters. The volumes of Miss Mitford and R. H. Horne, not to speak of others, had given us a good deal of material. There are many fugitive letters which have not been collected here, and some of them are valuable. But it may be said at once that the editor is right in saying that there is nothing here to raise Mrs. Browning's reputation. She was not a great letter writer. In his very remarkable article on "Poetry," published in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Mr. Theodore Watts startled his readers by saying that Elizabeth Barrett Browning typifies in English literature the poets of energy. He said further:

> "The most truly passionate nature, and perhaps the greatest soul that in our time has expressed itself in English verse, is Elizabeth Barrett Browning. At least, it is certain that, with the single exception of Hood in the 'Song of the Shirt,' no writer of the century has really touched our hearts with a hand so powerful as hers."

And while admitting Mrs. Browning's metrical blemishes, he affirmed the splendour of her metrical triumphs at her best. These were startling words at the time, and they are still startling. The tendency of the best criticism has

* The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by F. G. Kenyon. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $4.00.

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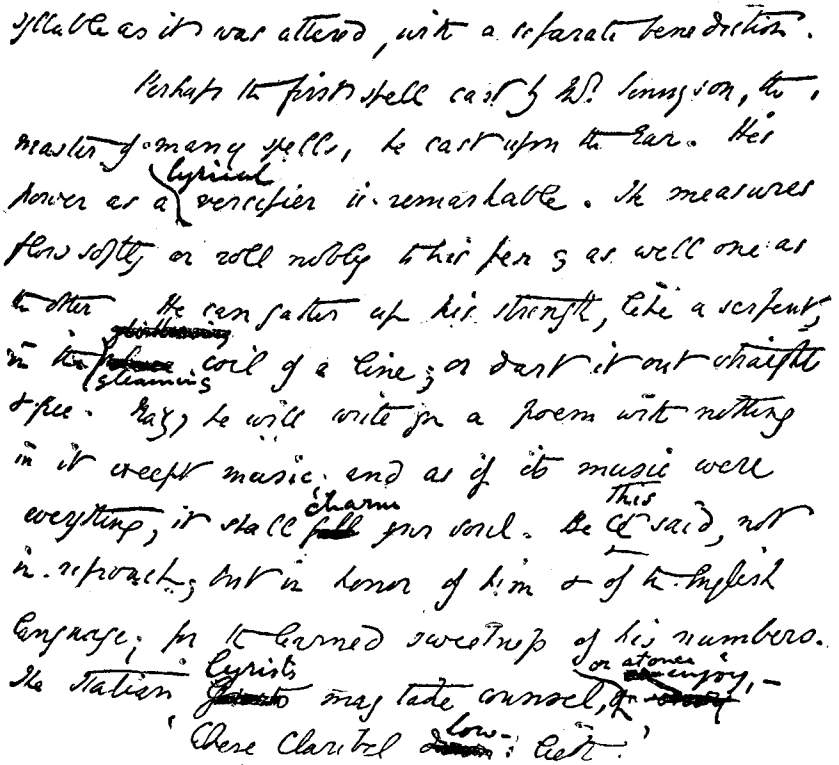
been slowly but surely to lower Mrs. Browning's place in poetry. She lives now by the passion of her occasional verses, and I should much doubt whether even *Aurora Leigh* is very familiar to the readers of this generation. She was perhaps the greatest soul that in our time has expressed itself in English verse. The letters throw little light on the poetry, but much on the woman. Was she, then, the greatest soul among the poets of her age?

to get at the meaning by the aid of cribs. In her early days of weakness she read a great deal and miscellaneously, but never, so far as we see, mastered anything. After she was married and went to Italy, she seems to have read just what other people read, Tennyson, Balzac, George Sand, Wordsworth, Miss Mitford, and the rest. There is no sign that during all the years of her marriage she had one serious intellectual interest, or pursued any fruitful



FAC-SIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT FROM "AN OPINION ON TENNYSON," BY MRS. BROWNING.

I take leave to doubt it. Mrs. Browning was essentially human. She had large and tender sympathies, was very faithful to her friends, bore with them even in their aberrations with much patience. But there are many women and some men who do as much as this. She was not in any proper sense of the word learned. It is amazing how few indications these volumes contain of anything like real culture. Every one is familiar with her Greek. But it was Greek of her husband's sort, Greek without accents, the kind of Greek that helps one course of study. Her mind was occupied mainly by two subjects, spiritualism and politics. Her letters on spiritualism are distressing, and the editor manifestly winces in printing them. They are written with no little heat and occasional anger. They chronicle impostures as dead as Agag. Then they are incoherent alike in form and in thought. It is very questionable whether they should ever have been revived. Has any fine mind ever touched that subject without sapping and contamination? I doubt it. On politics her let-

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ters are even more distressing. I wish very much that the sentence about Mazzini had been omitted, and also that the whole series of shrill and feverish epistles which close the volume had been quietly put in the fire. The depth of Mrs. Browning's political instinct is shown by the fact that Napoleon III. was her demigod. Titania kissing the long ears of Bottom was an intelligible and respectable phenomenon when compared with Mrs. Browning kneeling at the feet of that most profligate charlatan among recent rulers. In both of these subjects we learn from many hints that Mr. Browning was opposed to his wife. She acknowledges that he behaved angelically, and I have no doubt that it was so. But the trial at times must have been considerable. Against these facts there is not much to set. Of course it goes without saying that many sentences here are turned with unconscious felicity. Mrs. Browning was undoubtedly a Christian. But what she believed and did not believe it is hard to say. There is very little to show that she depended in the least on any Christian sustenance. She does not seem habitually to have gone to church, or to have read the Bible, or to have studied religious or theological books. Like all of her kind she could lay down the law with great emphasis. She was a decided Nonconformist. She exceedingly disliked sacerdotalism in every form, but she had no sympathy with churches as a whole, and believed that they would pass away in the brightness of a new Christianity.

Well, then, how about her character? This is undoubtedly to be said, and it is a very great thing to say, that she was sweet. The note of personal rancour is completely absent here. Though she was well over forty when her first and only child was born, no young mother could have been more enthusiastic over her boy. To her husband she was also most affectionately devoted. Curiously enough, however, they seem to have worked apart, and to have known little of one another's work until that work was in print. She complains very much, and reasonably, that the English public did not do her husband justice, and he acquiesced in the popular judgment which put his wife above him. In fact, one's opinion of Browning is greatly heightened by this book. His magnanimity, his patience, his steadfast affection, his self-denying spirit, in a word his nobleness, are conspicuous everywhere, and the volume fittingly ends with his tenderly told story of her death. We hear, however, if it is not a shame to say so, of his frequent depression, and in spite of what Mr. Kenyon says there is plenty of evidence to show that the divergence between the two on spiritualism was real and acute. Mrs. Browning had no respect for intellectual authority in any form, and her husband does not seem to have influenced her in that way at all. If I must speak the truth, then, I must confess that Mrs. Browning seemed in her poetry a greater soul than she seems in these volumes, and that one can easily think of higher and nobler souls than hers. Yet she was, let it be cordially said, a very great woman and a very great poet.

I content myself with a very few notes on points in these volumes. A great deal might be said if the manuscript material available were used, but I presume the friends of the Brownings have resolved that this shall be the final publication. I hope it will be, for neither Mrs. Sutherland Orr's biography of Browning nor this collection of letters is quite to my mind.

In 1832 Miss Barrett, as she then was, writes :

"Bulwer has quite delighted me. He has all the dramatic talent which Scott had, and all the passion which Scott had not, and he appears to me to be besides a far profounder discriminator of character."

I leave it to Mr. Christie Murray and to Mr. Watts-Dunton to characterise this. More correctly, but not quite correctly, she draws the distinction between Wordsworth and Landor—great genius and eminent talent. There are few glimpses of her Nonconformist upbringing, but she refers once to Dr. Wardlaw, and to hearing Dr. Chalmers preaching in Glasgow.

"His eloquence was very great, and his devotion noble and grasping. I expected much from his imagination, but not so much from his knowledge. It was truer to Scripture than I was prepared for, although there seemed to me some want on the subject of the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart."

She says, "Everybody should read *Coningsby*. Disraeli, who is a man of genius, has written nevertheless books which will live longer and move deep-

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er." There is, perhaps, a touch of true insight here. She refers to "an excellent refutation of Puseyism" in the *Edinburgh Review*, and wonders who was the author. The author was Henry Rogers. Mr. Kenyon should have quoted, in connection with the letters to Miss Mulock, the beautiful verses which Miss Mulock published in the *Athenæum* on Elizabeth Barrett Browning. They began, if I recollect aright :

"I know not that the cycle of strange years
Will ever bring thy human face to me.
Sister ! I speak this not as of thy peers."

One is glad to find that she likes Elizabeth Wetherell. "Tell me if you have read *Queechy*, the American book of Miss Wetherell. I think it very clever and characteristic. Mrs. Beecher Stowe scarcely excels it after all the trumpets." She considers that Miss Gaskell's *Ruth* is "strong and healthy at once, teaching a moral frightfully wanted in English society." Lockhart in Rome she describes as "like a snow-man in complexion, hair, conversation, and manners." She does not like Alexander Smith, and cannot understand why he gets into a third edition. Of Miss Austen Mrs. Browning had "a very limited admiration." A curious feature is the excessive importance attached to the reviews in the *Athenæum*, for which Mrs. Browning wrote a good deal. Latterly Mrs. Browning became a Swedenborgian. She says that Mrs. Stowe's last words to her, when they parted, were, "Those who love the Lord Jesus Christ never see one another for the last time." The same saying appears in Mr. Philpot's *Pocket of Pebbles* in the finer form, "They who love God never meet for the last time." Luther, she says in her last days, was "a schoolman of the most scholastic sort, most offensive, most absurd, presenting an idea of old cerements to the uttermost." "Kossuth is neither very noble nor very wise." Her worst saying about Mazzini I will not quote.

The book teaches us not to expect too much of poor human nature. Mrs. Browning spent her days in Florence happily enough, in spite of her suffering. She appears to have read hardly anything except French novels. She was the best of wives and mothers. Beyond that, she was taken up with spiritualism and with the maddest notions about politics. As for her arguments for spiritualism, I will quote one : "By the way, a lady whom I know here writes Greek without knowing, or ever having known, a single letter of it. The unbelievers writhe under it." The unbelievers have been made to writhe again. If the Greek was anything like Robert Browning's Greek manuscripts, which I have frequently seen, there is no man, woman, or child in England who could not write a good imitation of it without the aid of any spirit, evil or holy.

Claudius Clear.

ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM.*

That Mr. Roosevelt is a good fellow, if you will pardon me for saying so, and means well, no one in his senses will doubt. To out-of-town residents he can talk, even entertainingly, about the three legislatures of which he was a member at Albany, the New York Police Department, and machine politics generally. Moreover, he has scholarship enough to grapple intelligently, when his turn comes, with such a book as Kidd's *Social Evolution*. On other occasions, like one of Mark Twain's characters, he needs a cross of big nails in his left boot-heel to keep off the devil. Pugnacity and an undefined, and undefinable, intense and fervid Americanism are his two dominant ideas, which he applies at random to every human situation and reiterates, in the manner of Cato rather than St. John, on nearly every page. Life is a battle, and every citizen is a soldier whose aim should be to "do or die." One must be of sufficiently coarse fibre to strike back, whenever opportunity offers. There is a certain lack of robustness in our educated men, to whom the State has a "right" to look for good service, which makes them shrink from contact with rough politicians. This is wrong. No man has any "right" to let politics alone. Instead of sitting by the fire and reading the evening paper, every one who is worth his salt should rush to the hurly-

* American Ideals, and Other Essays. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Certain Accepted Heroes, and Other Essays in Literature and Politics. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York : Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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burly of the caucus and the primary. Above all, one must be imbued with "the American spirit." An educated man must not go into politics as such, but simply as an American. If one has religious prejudices, he must lay them, too, aside at the polls. A German-American or an Irish-American vote simply should not be recognised in a party platform. Elsewhere it is said that we must face the facts, but that does not matter. Nor does it occur to the writer that in whooping it up for "intense and fervid Americanism" he is echoing the vociferous demand for "reform," which, on another page, he says certain persons make as if it were a slice of something good to eat.

Of course Mr. Roosevelt incidentally damns "that flaccid habit of mind which its possessors style cosmopolitanism." There is danger of over-civilisation and over-refinement. The man who becomes Europeanised in the sense of losing his power of doing good work on this side of the water is a "silly and undesirable citizen." The American painter who lives in Paris forfeits all chance of doing his best work. Why doesn't he "strike out to rise or fall on a new line," renouncing the masters? The *émigré* may write graceful and pretty verses, essays, novels; but he will never compare with his brother who is "strong enough to stand on his own feet." The under-sized man of letters who flees his country — but enough. Let it pass. This is not a book of literary essays, and, on the face of them, such remarks are sufficiently ludicrous.

Mr. Roosevelt is a writer who sees only blacks and whites. He appears to be overpowered with the difficulty of drilling a little sense into decent people. His opponents he scores in unmeasured terms; they are always "those solemn prattlers" who are "utterly incapable" of something or other. But WE who, "however imperfectly, do the work of the nation," who "work honestly for what we think to be right," who "in two years did more to increase the efficiency and honesty of the police department than had ever previously been done in its history," what is the matter with US? Now I am not questioning if all this be so. As one of Mr. Roosevelt's readers, I am merely averse to being hide-bound and dragged about, like Hector, by his cloud-compelling personality. He says that the function of a mere critic is of very subordinate usefulness. May this critic say here that he would feel he had been supereminently useful if, the next time Mr. Roosevelt publishes a book, he should curb his braggadocio and condescension? Will it never stop ringing in one's ears? "The great writers have done much for us!" Ugh! Yet—be it said to Mr. Roosevelt's everlasting credit—the thought is clinched in one's mind, after an hour's reading, that it is an exceedingly difficult thing nowadays to be a good citizen—at least, good enough to please Mr. Roosevelt. If you don't vote, you're blackguarded; and if you do vote, you're blackguarded—for not doing more than vote. Mr. Thomas E. Watson's letter is an epitome of this book. "You merely obey a law of your nature," he wrote to Mr. Roosevelt, "which puts you into mortal combat with what you think is wrong." Let others obey the law of their natures, and all will be well, *n'est ce pas?*

Mr. Roosevelt has inscribed his book to Henry Cabot Lodge, the one person in the world who cannot receive any harm from it, because he has long since stopped at all the stations therein demarked, and recovered his manly equilibrium.

Mr. Cabot's manner is more dispassionate. When Chatterton or Dr. Holmes is his text it is in spots even judicial. He contributes a timely essay on the home of the Cabots, and adds a few words to Lowell's and Professor Brander Matthews's list of Shakespearian Americanisms. The papers on our foreign policy and the brutality and corruption of English elections aside, he is a partisan only in his selection of subjects, which means, merely, that it is the fashion nowadays to write essays from a particular point of view. "The Last Plantagenet" may be likened to Miss Guiney's "Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of King Charles the Second," although the latter is in dialogue—because, I suppose, Miss Guiney didn't care to be responsible for her point of view. Assuming that Shakespeare's noble style has fooled generations as to the real characteristics of Richard III., which it hasn't at all, Mr. Lodge draws an interesting parallel

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between fiction and fact, showing that there is no more evidence of the king's deformity than of his monstrous birth; that the second stage murder, that of Henry VI., should in justice to history have been attributed to Edward and his cabinet council rather than to Richard; that Richard had nothing to do with the death of Clarence; and that, if one may judge from his successor's continuance of his policy, Richard was a wise statesman and great soldier, despite his known crimes and overmastering ambition. Assuming, again, that Achilles and Agamemnon and Odysseus have hitherto been accepted as heroes, although by his own admission there are many boys to whom they seem less manly than Saladin, Richard of the Lion Heart, and Leatherstocking, Mr. Lodge proves that Odysseus was an artful liar; that Agamemnon advised his followers to forego the peril of fighting single-handed; and that Achilles was a blatant skulk, who didn't avenge the death of Patroclus until his mother got him a suit of impenetrable armour, and who overtook the agile Hector only when Athena caused him to stand still, and after killing him dragged his body behind a chariot until the gods intervened. The whole lot of them, Mr. Lodge says, had the manners and morals of South Sea Islanders or of Zulus, and therefore should not be regarded as heroes. I venture to say that nobody ever so regarded them. They belong in the same category with Peregrine Pickle and Tartarin de Tarascon and Zagloba—morally. Because of their failings, however, which put them often in unsupportable situations, they shall ever be picturesquely endeared to memory. Yet Mr. Lodge's little game, so long as he will not consent to "do the legitimate," is well worth the candle. As he himself says of the translations, everything is so good it is invidious to grumble. However, it may be questioned if the same facts might not more convincingly have been marshalled in a mere study of Homer. *Daniel Webster*, in the American Statesmen Series, is of permanent value, I suspect, largely because it was not converted into a tilt-yard.

In the Phi Beta Kappa address, "A Liberal Education," earnestness is tinctured with the saving grace of humour. If a man is not a good citizen, it boots little (to the State, I suppose Mr. Cabot means) whether he knows Latin and Greek. Americanism, in the right sense, should by no means repress wholesome criticism of what is wrong. There is not the slightest danger, however, that the supply of critics will run out; and the colleges should take care not to educate young men to be mere critics at the outset. No one is in any particular peril of overvaluing his own country; and in the broad sweep of a liberal education there is a tendency to lose the sense of proportion—that is (according to Mr. Cabot) to underrate our own place in the history and life of the world.

George Merriam Hyde.

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS.*

It is interesting to note the change in the character of books written on the subject of the Government of the United States. The older books on this subject, whether they were serious studies designed for students of the Science of Government, or popular works intended for general reading, dealt almost exclusively with the principles underlying our polity and with the history and construction of our Constitution. The greater number of the books recently published treat of what may be termed the mechanism of our government, the institutions of the country as they exist, the methods of their operation, and their advantages and defects. This change in the literature of the subject is of profound significance, because it indicates that the thinking and reading public are more interested in the practical effects of the institutions of government than in their history, and are applying the test of practical results to institutions rather than inquiring as to the theories of human rights on which they rest and the relations that underlie them.

The literature of England on the subject of its government reached this stage earlier than our own. Englishmen have long been possessed of a complete survey of the character and practical working of their institutions in the well-known book by Albany de Fonblanque,

* This Country of Ours. By Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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entitled *How We are Governed*, which has passed through many editions, and has been re-edited from time to time as the administrative methods of the English government have changed; and in the well-known series entitled "The English Citizen," written by authorities on the subjects specially treated, they have had complete information as to the details of their government in all its departments.

With us, since the appearance of Professor Bryce's *American Commonwealth* and Professor Woodrow Wilson's *Congressional Government*, there has been a great multiplication of books treating of the practical operation of the departments of our Government. The last of these is by ex-President Harrison, and bears the somewhat ambiguous title *This Country of Ours;* but the number of such books recently published made it difficult to find a title that was truly descriptive that had not been appropriated. The title chosen suggests that of Professor Strong's well-known book, *Our Country*. It is, however, of an entirely different character and has a very different purpose.

The present book is entitled to serious consideration. Few persons have been in a position to write from such full knowledge and experience as ex-President Harrison, and the result is an extremely readable, entertaining, and suggestive volume. Besides being a full and complete exposition of the working of the various departments of our Government by one who has had the advantage of large, personal observation and experience, it has the charm of containing to some extent reminiscences of his experiences as Chief Executive of the Nation. This feature is not avowed, but it is very evident that ex-President Harrison has taken the public into his confidence and given them some leaves from his life in the White House.

The book is accurately described in the preface by the statement that, "it is a modest attempt to give the readers a view of the machinery of our National Government in motion, and some instructions as to the relation and uses of its several parts." It is written from the standpoint of optimism and with the high purpose of promoting "an intelligent patriotism and a faithful discharge of the duties of citizenship." The introduction is an earnest essay on the paramount importance of the cultivation of the virtue of patriotism by the American people, and a quickening of the conscience toward law. This is so impressively stated that the language should be quoted.

> "The real enemies of our country—the dangerous ones—are not the armed men nor the armoured ships of the great Powers. If there is too much exuberance in the thought that we can whip the world, it is a safe saying that we can defend our land and coasts against any part of the world that will ever be in arms against us. We are alert as to foreign foes—the drum-tap rouses the heaviest sleepers. But we are a dull people as to internal assaults upon the integrity and purity of public administration. . . . It has seemed to me that a fuller knowledge of our civil institutions and a deeper love of them would make us more watchful for their purity; that we would think less of the levy necessary to restore stolen public funds, and more of the betrayal and shame of the thing."

The earnestness and truth of these words command our attention, not only to this essay, but to the entire book, which throughout is characterised by the same high spirit and purpose.

The first chapter of the book explains the relations of the State governments to the Federal government under the provisions of the Constitution. It is only in this chapter that there is found any ground of criticism of the book for incompleteness or indefiniteness, but this chapter fails to make clear and leaves confused the subject, not popularly understood, of the limitations upon the powers of the Federal and State governments by reason of the prohibitions in the Federal Constitution.

Methods of legislation and procedure in the Senate and House of Representatives is next taken up and fully described. The most interesting part of the book follows, in the chapters which relate to the President, and which state his duties and explain the manner in which he performs them and attends to the social demands made upon him. Nearly one half of the book is taken up with this subject, and fortunately so, for it is very clear that these chapters are but the ex-President's experiences, and are reminiscences of the four years during which he was the Chief Executive of the nation. We know of no account to be found anywhere which so fully describes the official life of the President as these pages, and certainly some of the suggestions and criticisms as to the demands made upon the Presi-

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dent's time, to the interference of the performance of his official duties, are worthy of thought and consideration.

A full statement of the practical workings of the departments of government, presided over by the secretaries forming the President's Cabinet, an account of the Smithsonian Institution, the Department of Labour, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Civil Service Commission, and the Judiciary Department complete the book. In connection with the explanation of the mechanism of each of these governmental departments and their workings, there is a brief but lucid statement of the history of each department, and of the development of the present method of its administration.

The book should have a wide circulation, as it is highly interesting and instructive, and the American reading public owes a debt to ex-President Harrison for writing a book on this subject addressed to the general reader rather than to the student.

We note on page 144 a curious error, by which a quotation from Montesquieu is credited to Montaigne.

Edward M. Colie.

THE NEW GOLDEN TREASURY.*

Thirty-six years have passed since the publication of the *Golden Treasury*, and the judgment of two generations has not only confirmed the long series of judgments upon English poets and poetry which Professor Palgrave's work involved, but has accepted that work as a kind of original creation. The book is one of the English classics; and its quality and place are so marked and distinct that we have come to think of it as a contribution to English literature. Its individuality lies, however, entirely in the insight, the critical discernment and the taste which it illustrates. These are so nearly infallible that the mass of other men's work collected in the *Golden Treasury*, to which Professor Palgrave added not a line of his own, seems somehow to belong to the Editor.

A felicity of choices so complete that it constitutes a distinct achievement is not likely again to fall to any editor in the same field. For Professor Palgrave had several aids which will be denied those who come after him. He had, in the first place, the whole range of English poetry to draw upon, and he was, for the purpose he had in view, the first comer into that rich field. He had the bloom of the earliest harvest, and he had two invaluable helpers in making his choices—Time and Tennyson. Upon all the earlier poetry with which he had to deal the English people had already pronounced a judgment which, if not infallible, was the expression of the spiritual and poetic insight of many generations. That this long series of popular choices was of immense assistance Professor Palgrave implicitly confessed when he wrote in his preface to the first edition of the *Golden Treasury* that he had "found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on Poetry to 'the selected few of many generations.' Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it." Tennyson's assistance was another great element in his success; for the trained instinct and insight of the Poet Laureate in matters relating to his art were well-nigh infallible.

The Second Series was prepared under very different conditions. The period covered was that which began with the year 1850, in the middle of the Victorian Age. The range of selection was therefore immensely reduced; and within this narrow field the public judgment was still in many cases unsettled. Professor Palgrave had much less material to choose from, and he had to trust, in large measure, to his own judgment. The matured opinion of Time could not be consulted, and Tennyson was no longer within reach. That the second *Golden Treasury* should fall below the standard of its predecessor in richness of material and in sureness of taste was inevitable; but it is a disappointment even to those who were ready to give full might to the change in conditions. Since the appearance of the volume the Editor has "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace," and his reputation rests safely on his earlier work; the later will never secure either the authority or the affection which belong of right to the original selection.

* Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, and Arranged with Notes. By Francis T. Palgrave. Second Series. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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In the Second Series the critical judgment is far less consistent and certain, and there are singular inclusions and unaccountable omissions. In so small a collection ought the Duke of Argyle, John Clare, Henry C. Kendall, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, George John Romanes, and John Campbell Shairp to have been included, while William Morris, Dobson, Watson, and Kipling are omitted? It may be questioned, moreover, whether too much space has not been given to Lord Houghton, to Frederick Tennyson, to Charles Tennyson-Turner, and to O'Shaughnessy. It is a pleasure to find the gifted and lamented Irish poet so generously recognised; but would not a truer perspective of judgment have been secured if two or three of the pages devoted to his work had been given to Yeats and some of the younger poets who are his successors? More space is given to O'Shaughnessy than to either of the Brownings, to Matthew Arnold, to either of the Rossettis! Landor is limited to a single poem, while William Barnes is represented by twelve selections. No one will quarrel with the admission of Coventry Patmore into this charmed circle; but why exclude Andrew Lang, who more than once struck a fine, high note? Such questions will come even to those who study the second *Golden Treasury* in the light of its preface, and with full appreciation of the difficulties of Professor Palgrave's task. If he is judged by the very highest standards, it is because he had already established those standards.

It must not be inferred, however, that this selection of recent English poetry is lacking in value and interest; on the contrary, it brings together a body of verse which it is a delight to have at hand in such a form, and it will do something toward the ultimate settlement of the claims of a group of poets whose work is part of the history of the last half century. It furnishes material, moreover, for a very interesting comparison of the poetry of the first and second halves of the century. The fourth book of the earlier *Golden Treasury* included the poets of the period between 1800 and 1850—Blake, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, Southey, Hood. In the Second Series the great names are Arnold, Browning, Rossetti, and Tennyson. The standard has not fallen, but how small the company that carries it forward! Of the earlier group at least five—Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth and Coleridge—stand not only for poetic genius, which falls only a little short of the highest, but for new movements of thought and art, while the name of Scott is still a point of light amid these greater stars. Of the later group only two can be put forward as possessing the fountain quality of song—Tennyson and Browning. There are those who will deny Browning's claim to this equality with Tennyson; but when all deductions are made from the poet's work enough will remain, in quantity and quality, to assure his place, not only among the great thinkers, but among the great poets of the English race. Matthew Arnold was not mistaken in the interesting comparison of his work with that of Tennyson and Browning which he makes in one of his letters. He will not be excluded from their company, although his place will fall below theirs. It is safe to assume, too, that Rossetti and Mrs. Browning will not be forgotten when the great mass of contemporary writing has gone into oblivion.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be, that the great tradition of English poetry has been fully sustained during the last half century, but that there have been fewer voices of the farthest reach and fewer original notes. The stream runs as deep as it did in the first half of the century; but it is not so wide, nor is its current so swift and tumultuous. It would be interesting, if space permitted, to contrast the content of this later body of verse with that of the earlier poetry; such a contrast would bring out in a very striking way the movement of modern life, and would perhaps bring consolation to those who believe that the springs of song are running dry.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

THE POLYCHROME BIBLE.*

After seven years of eager expectation the day draws near for the appearance of one of the most brilliant and edifying books of modern times. In the circles where the scope and plan of *The Poly-*

* The Polychrome Bible. Judges. By Professor George Moore, of Andover: Psalms. By Professor J. Wellhausen, of Göttingen: Isaiah. By Professor T. K. Cheyne, of Oxford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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chrome Bible have been understood one is reminded of the impatience with which men waited for the Revised New Testament of 1881. To have seen the advance sheets of the splendid work proceeding under the editorship of Professor Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Horace Howard Furniss of Harvard University, is to have had one's intellectual appetite wondrously stimulated; and one feels almost a sense of personal gratitude to the broad-minded publishers who have undertaken to issue *The Polychrome Bible* in a form of suitable dignity and beauty.

For the information of such as have not had occasion to inform themselves touching the motive and spirit of this work, a few words of explanation may be permitted.

The book represents primarily an attempt to render the sublime documents of the Old Testament in a modern English translation which, being founded upon a critically verified text, is "literal" in the higher sense of the word—a true representation of the spirit of the original. The distinguished editor-in-chief of *The Polychrome Bible* would be the last to claim that the scheme of a modern English translation has occurred only to himself. The *Revised Version* was founded upon the same idea, and Professor Moulton's *Modern Reader's Bible* deserves and commands recognition as an expression of a similar purpose. But Professor Haupt, possibly because his life contains an old-world training at the feet of Delitzsch and Dillmann, blended with a new-world energy fostered in a great American university, has developed a threefold combination of excellency in *The Polychrome Bible*, which elevates that work to a station of unique and fascinating distinction. We may be permitted to point out these three features, by which the Book becomes to the Biblical student one of the "necessaries of life:"

First of all, one examines the text with a sense of security, founded in the fact that the modern masters of Old Testament study have issued it in the calm, clear light of exalted scholarship. The men to whom were committed, for translation, the several documents, are of that great brotherhood of scholars in which the study of the Word of God is a task

"Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

Canon Driver, Professor Adam Smith, Professor Briggs, Professor McCurdy, Dr. Delitzsch, Canon Cheyne, Professor Francis Brown, Professor Curtis, Dr. Ward, and those other pure-minded and reverent men associated with them, entered upon this work for the truth's sake only. Incapable of wilful perversion of one "jot or tittle" of the Sacred Word, walking at liberty among the traditions of men, yet bound in the Spirit as the servants of God, they who have edited the several books of *The Polychrome Bible* have given to all men of all theological schools an instrument of precision with which to study the Holy Oracles. When one remembers, for example, that Canon Cheyne has devoted thirty years to the study of *Isaiah*, that he has already published three great books upon that subject, and that his whole life bears witness to his intellectual and spiritual honesty, the busy minister in his study, the private Christian in his daily Bible reading, may well feel a sense of security and of gratitude when he reads the superb text of *Isaiah* in *The Polychrome Bible*.

But in addition to the text we have the notes and the illustrations. When it is fully understood that these notes are not prepared in the interest of any school of denominational thought, that they are non-controversial, and that they are intended to be simply an expression of the translator's reasons for their translations, one may believe that all possible distrust of the critical motive lying back of *The Polychrome Bible* will vanish from honest minds. In the instructions to the contributors occur the following wholesome words: "Any thing that might tend to hurt the religious feelings of the reader must be avoided, provided that it can be done without any detriment to the truth. The contributors need not hesitate to state what they consider to be the truth, but it should be done with the *verecundia* due to the venerable documents which form the basis of our faith." An examination of advance sheets of the notes on *Judges* and *Psalms* bears out these instructions. Brief, concise, clear as crystal, sharply cut as with the tempered blade of one skilled to divide the Word of Truth, the notes exhibit a spirit of reverence all the more exalted because free from the zeal of theological partisanship. They leave the reader in the

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possession of his own liberty. They admonish him that he must think for himself. The illustrations are so beautiful in their spirit and design, so effectively selected and distributed, so finely wrought by generous publishers who stayed not the artist's hand, so obviously realistic, that one counts them of equal value with the notes. The faithful camera has been used unsparingly; and the man of the Western World who has never walked beneath the Syrian stars nor wandered amid the Holy Hills may rise from the examination of these sumptuous pages with all the enthusiasm of an Oriental traveller kindled within him.

To many persons, representing all shades of critical opinion, the supreme interest awakened by *The Polychrome Bible* will focus on that feature of its construction which gives to the book its distinctive title. It is a "polychrome"—a "many-coloured" Bible. Dr. Haupt and his distinguished associate, Dr. Furniss of Harvard University, may congratulate themselves upon a device as simple as it is effective for bringing to all minds an instantaneous appreciation of one of the problems of the Higher Criticism.

Those who accept and those who contest modern critical opinions on the authorship of Old Testament documents are equally concerned to know the nature and contents of those opinions. While it is everywhere understood that the Higher Critics incline toward the theory of the composite authorship of certain books of the Old Testament canon, the exhibition of such results as have been tentatively reached in this direction has not heretofore been possible in any form which would readily appeal to the eye. And it may be believed that mutual advantage will result to all schools of Biblical Criticism if the theory of composite authorship can find a mode of expression readily accessible to the public mind. The scheme of Professor Haupt to this end is simply a colour scheme. By making use of inks different in colour, and by identifying certain supposed authors with certain colours, an absolutely unmistakable exhibition is made of the present state of critical opinion on this line of research. A "polychrome" page of *Genesis* or of *Judges* gives in one instant of time to the average reader a more exact knowledge of one department of the work of Higher Criticism than can be given by volumes of technical explanation or by pages of acrimonious controversy. As a matter of information, as a *datum* of current opinion, *The Polychrome Bible* is of equal value to every scholar, clerical or lay, whatever his point of view toward the interesting literary questions now opened about the Sacred Scriptures. But even if a man have no interest whatever in the "polychrome" feature of the vast work now ripening toward its consummation under the general editorship of Dr. Haupt and Dr. Furniss, the other characteristics of the work to which we have referred make it one of the noblest of aids to the single-minded scholar.

Charles Cuthbert Hall.

NOVEL NOTES.

FLINT, HIS FAULTS, HIS FRIENDSHIPS AND HIS FORTUNES. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Brown, Little & Co. $1.25.

In this new work the author has made a departure, carrying her charm from the historic into the modern field. Flint, the editor of a great daily, is as modern a type as our newest civilisation produces, and he is described as he has hardly been before. There is little personal description. What he says and what he does bring him before us. The very spot in which he first appears reveals him through its "inaccessibility and general lack of popular attractions;" his pessimism toward the real and his sympathy with the ideal are shown in his cynical words while under the spell of the sea. Prematurely old, as the editors of great dailies so often are, and hating his kind with a frankness that only the editors of great dailies seem to allow themselves, he comes to this isolated place to meet experiences that alter these views. Many sorts and conditions of men—and of women too—have loved where they did not approve, but the psychology of the situation has rarely been shown with such vividness. Flint resists, as if love were disgrace, and the woman, approving of him as little or less than he approves of her, is even more unwilling. Yet love, the red spider, binds them together closer and closer, despite their tugs at the intangible, unbreakable web. It is rather a relief to the woman to discover that the landlady's daughter has also fallen in love with Flint. It does not matter at all that he regards the girl simply as an agency for procuring food and towels, and that he does not know that his rolls are hotter

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and his coffee stronger than those of the other boarders. In a most amusing scene the woman takes him to task for his heartlessness to the girl. The man stammers, as any ordinary man not the editor of a great daily might stammer, under the accusation, and protests that he does not understand the girl, that he never understands people of that kind. "Have you ever tried to understand them?" asks the merciless fair one. "Haven't you always thought of them only as they ministered to your comfort like the other farm animals? Is it anything to you that this narrow-minded girl has conceived a silly, but none the less unhappy sentiment for you?" Some brilliant and decidedly new things are said in this connection about the saving influence of the "monogamous instinct of the Anglo Saxon race." There would seem to have been a rather widely accepted opinion to the contrary. Did not some one, speaking with authority, say not long ago that Man, regardless of race, was but an imperfectly monogamous animal? Had the woman held to the original line of her argument—the man's unfeeling fastidiousness—she would have stood upon more tenable ground, for it is only too often that fastidiousness stands to morals as a stone wall to a fog. But be this as it may, the episode of the landlady's daughter leads to the tragedy of the story, to its broadening and uplifting beyond the slight, almost trivial beginning. It can scarcely be necessary to comment upon the excellence of the workmanship, in view of the author's several notable successes. The epigrammatic quality of her work also shows to unusual advantage in this new story, which gives —perhaps by reason of its modernity—opportunities not afforded by her historical novels.

PHYLLIS IN BOHEMIA. By L. H. Bickford and Richard Stillman Powell. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. $1.25.

It seems reasonably certain that this little book is mainly a woman's work, notwithstanding that a man's name also appears on the title-page, and it is he who ostensibly tells the tale. The Bohemia described is distinctively a woman's Bohemia, that country wherein geniuses galore abide, wherein congregate "people on the verge of great careers," people who make the world—such a Bohemia as no man, perhaps, ever knew or imagined. Only one futile protest comes from the masculine point of view, declaring the real Bohemia to be filled with people who are always intending to do something, and who never do anything, and describing it as a wilderness of literary disappointments, musical failures, artistic mistakes, and nondescript freaks. It is, as usual, the woman who has her way, and who directs the entrance into this debatable land. She has no doubt that she has located it in a street full of pianos and a flat full of geniuses, but the reader finds nothing extraordinary in the situation, except the fact that Phyllis, most unsophisticated of country girls, settles among the geniuses, to live alone with her fiancé. It is all as inartistically innocent as a cup of milk and bread. It is two commonplace children playing at seeing the world, and the things that the geniuses say and do are the things that would appeal to such guileless lookers-on. There are bright bits here and there, as when one of the geniuses says, "Bohemia is a green acre in the heart of everywhere surrounded by a wall so high that none may climb—all must be born inside," and when another declares that "the difference between a roof garden and a Bohemian basement is not a difference of altitude—it is simply a difference of drinks;" but when the author goes on:

"Engaged in commending this observation, followed by a gentlemanly discussion with the person sitting opposite who had appropriated a bottle of claret ordered for my side of the table, I was not made aware that another favourite son of Bohemia, born within the walls, was claiming attention until the enthusiast hissed fiercely. . ."

the reader closes the book, feeling that he lifts too heavy a club to brain too small a butterfly.

THE KING WITH TWO FACES. By M. E. Coleridge. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

It would perhaps have been more specific had the title been *One of the Kings with Two Faces*, and certainly it would have been much to the story's advantage had it begun less like a riddle with A. saying this and B. saying that. But after passing the alphabet the tale marches steadily, though heavily, through its four hundred pages. In this, as in her earlier novel, *The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus*, Miss Coleridge groups the characters around historic incidents, taken in this case from the history of Sweden. The events relate to the struggle between Sweden and Denmark. Gustav III. sits on the throne of Sweden, and Madame de Staël is ruling the world as the Swedish ambassadress at Paris. "Of the ambassador nobody ever spoke; he was *tout bonnement le mari de sa femme*." In the company of the enchantress may be found many of the famous men and women of the time, who touch more or less closely the lives of Adolf and Tala, the young people whose love-story is the heart of the romance. It is a stirring tale of adventure, thrilling with hairbreadth escapes. All the elements of the orthodox novel of its kind are abundant in this. There is even a witch who tells the king that he will be slain by a man in a red coat, and out of the prophecy grows many of the hero's misfortunes and his ultimate victory.

A QUEEN OF HEARTS. By Elizabeth Phipps Train. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

The author caught the public eye by means of two fresh books, *A Social Highwayman* and *The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty*, and there is something in the beginning of this new work that promises to hold the audience thus won. The personality of the queen of hearts—the actress who tells the story—is successfully realised. Her description of herself, from childhood to marriage, is full of restrained power. The scene in which her puritanical guardian finds her dancing in the garret stands out like a picture, and the narrative moves with surety up to the inevitable revulsion which such a nature must feel sooner or later in an uncongenial marriage. It is easy to understand the unhappy wife's powerlessness to resist when accident brings her in contact with her own kind. But from this point the work falls off, and indeed changes its style as completely as if another hand and mind took up the pen and the theme. Instead of the terse, nervous force of the earlier

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chapters, the later ones gallop along after a distinctively journalistic fashion, with apparently no other object than to "get over ground." And however admirable such speed may be in a newspaper, it is hardly in harmony with certain literary effects, and the reader of this story feels as if he had been rather too rapidly conducted when he is told of the first year's study for the stage, and the second year's experiences upon it, all within a single short paragraph. Nor is there any return to the composure of the opening pages, and the story which begins admirably, as well or better than other good things written by the author consequently hurries to a lame and impotent conclusion.

CHALMETTE. By Clinton Ross. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

This new story is an addition to Mr. Ross's group of well-thought, well-written historical romances. The period selected is the beginning of the present century, the events are those associated with the battle of New Orleans, and the central historic character is Jean Lafitte, the famous pirate of Barataria, as picturesque a figure as may be found in any country's history. Miss King recently revived his dangerous fascination in her charming book on New Orleans, and Mr. Ross has hardly coloured the facts in framing them with fiction. The brilliant rascal so takes hold of the fancy, that one can scarcely keep it in mind that he came, followed by his desperate companions, to General Jackson's aid to save his own and their thievish necks from the halter. It were better he thought—like the shrewd scoundrel he was—to fight the British than to be hanged. And such fighting as they did has hardly ever been seen in this world. Their demoniac faces, red-turbaned, glaring out of the battle-smoke, are said to have been among the most terrible spectacles of that awful fight. No wonder that England's trained troops—the flower of her army, the very men, some of them, who met Napoleon's invincibles at Waterloo—quailed, feeling that they were fighting demons rather than human beings. A love-story of a sweet and wholesome kind runs through this, as through almost everything that Mr. Ross writes, but it is not the hero, Captain Robe, and his fictitious adventures that make the charm of the story. The actual career of the dazzling villain Lafitte is more romantic than any romance.

AMERICAN NOBILITY. By Pierre de Coulerain. New York: Scribner's. $1.50.

The writer's name is unfamiliar, and has, moreover, a made-up sound. It almost arouses a suspicion that another American author may be masquerading as a critic of his own countrymen and countrywomen. But a moment's reflection shows this to be unlikely. A writer who could "the giftie gie us," as it is given here would hardly give it in such an amateurish way. There is little if any skill in the construction of the work, which is much cleverer taken page by page than as a whole. Then the point of view seems so distinctively French that one feels bound to accept its nationality as genuine. No Anglo-Saxon true to his race would say to the girl whom he wished to marry, that drink and cards are worse than unfaithfulness in a husband, no matter what his private conviction might be. And certainly the "temptation to tell his wife all the griefs his mistress caused him" is one of the few temptations that never assails the married American. Balzac, it will be remembered, actually allows one of his fine gentlemen to do this, as the most natural thing in the world. The noble husband who figures in *American Nobility* resists the temptation, and it is his inamorata, the duchesse, who issues the shameless proclamation, without which no French liaison seems to be a success. The depravity dissolving France reveals itself with revolting candour in every part of the work, and yet, as said before, it abounds nevertheless in shrewd observation of American types and conditions. The angular, open-eyed uprightness of the French count's American wife realises a national type. One knows, too, just what he means when he says "she gave him the sensation of biting some beautiful fruit, sound and not yet ripe." Nor is he far from the truth when he says of a more common type of the American woman abroad, that "she is virtuous enough not to give entrance to the devil when at home, but she is enchanted to meet him elsewhere. In Paris she does not neglect to seek out the archfiend, first of all to see how he is made, and especially to be able to say she has seen him, and you may be sure he is never black enough." All this must be admitted, but American readers will draw the line at the statement that "all these things which might permanently disturb a French girl's mind and sully it forever" leave the American girl untouched, mainly because "she is as incapable of understanding depravity as holiness."

PRISONERS OF THE SEA. By Florence M. Kingsley. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.25.

Among the historical facts and traditions which have held the imagination through many generations, none has a firmer grasp than the story of the man with the iron mask. Scarcely a season passes without the reappearance in fiction of this sphinx of the seventeenth century, and *Prisoners of the Sea* is its latest apparition. There is, indeed, such finality in the appendix accompanying this version of the romance that it almost claims to be the decisive reading of the riddle. The story opens with a shipwreck and the landing of the sufferers on a mysterious island which has once been the home of the man with the iron mask. Among the shipwrecked are two women, mother and daughter, and the sentiment of the tale surrounds the girl and the lover, who comes, of course, to the rescue. There is little to be said of a novel of this kind, one seems to have read it so often, and it goes along quite readably in the conventional way for the first two hundred pages—conventional, that is, so far as the general outline of the narrative is concerned, not otherwise, for it is certainly somewhat unconventional to find an English sailor—that most distinctive and unmistakable personality—talking sometimes like an illiterate Yankee and sometimes like the Yankee's idea of a negro, while the negro himself speaks a lingo never heard before on land or sea. Yet the story holds together fairly well till within perhaps a hundred pages of the end, when it gradually goes to pieces like a raft in the waves. When a dying man "raises his

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hand" and begins to tell a tiresome yarn that stretches through ten close-printed pages—but why say anything more of such 'prentice work?

THE SKIPPER'S WOOING. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

Mr. Jacobs's humour is so much his own that, though he is a new-comer, we already recognise it with a distinctness that proves it to be, of its kind at least, first-rate. Its kind is good, too—very genial, very laughter-provoking, very unaffected, in temper American rather than English. The slight mixture of sentiment here gives the foil which was wanting in *Many Cargoes*, and a hint of a promise that Mr. Jacobs may one day write a good novel, though we are far from suggesting that we are tired of his excellent fooling. The crew of the *Seamew* are the most delightful of companions, and the king of them all is that hopeful boy Henry. Henry must not be lost sight of. He should still serve both Mr. Jacobs and us on many future occasions. And something is owing to him, a day of triumph to wipe out certain indignities, notably that of his being used as a dumb-bell by the pretty young gymnasium mistress. A story of quite another stamp is thrown in at the end, "The Brown Man's Servant," quite successful as a horror.

MARRIETTA'S MARRIAGE. By W. E. Norris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

If Mr. Norris had but contrived to make this same spoilt Marrietta interesting or attractive; if she had had the germs of qualities for which it would have been worth her admirers' while to have suffered as they did on her account, we should have been better pleased. We must take the story as he has given it. A restless, querulous, mean-natured, practically clever and pretty woman, born to poverty and a Bohemianism distasteful to her luxury-loving nature, is transported into an atmosphere of ease, wealth and adoration, and is none the happier therefor till she has endangered her honour, made her husband miserable, and been the indirect cause of two grim tragedies. We have no great interest or belief in her alleged reconciliation to life; but we have the highest admiration for the excellent work, both brilliant and close, which Mr. Norris has put into the story. There is a group of vividly conceived characters. There is the breath of real life in the book.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

There is some complaint to-day, and not too much, of how historical romance-writers scamp their work, their study of a chosen period and its great figures being of the flimsiest. No such reproach can be cast at Mr. Mason's newest book. The era of the earlier Jacobite troubles has found a close investigator in him. Without ostentation he shows his grip of the facts, and even gives us a hint of what the times felt like to those who were tossed about in their strife. The story is better than its hero, who contrives to be a dull fellow, even when he is courting, making his bed on the bracken, and facing death for honour. That is, he is never personally vivid; but his long struggle with his traitor cousin and rival, his part in the northern rising, his conduct at the trial of Herbert the painter, imprisoned for him, make stirring material for a narrative, which Mr. Mason has written in an excellent style. The light sketches, too, of Bolingbroke and Derwentwater are touched by a skilful hand.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ROBERT E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) By Henry Alexander White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

It is as a hero rather than as a man that the author treats the great Confederate leader. Far the greater portion of the book relates to the part he took in campaigns and battles, and comparatively little is said of his private life. Small blame to the author for this, however, since he is merely obedient to the behests of tradition, which in political biography requires that a hero shall stalk and be stately, revealing always the godlike in his gait. Privately we may believe that some heroes were pleasant, human sort of people, who during those long reaches in their lives when they were not occupied in scaling Olympus or permeating posterity, talked and laughed, and loved and hated, and enjoyed themselves much in the manner of us men with little souls. But if we think so, let us keep it to ourselves, blinking and gaping the while with due reverence at each new bit of biographical statuary.

The author of this book is thoroughly Southern in his sympathies, and has a good excuse for making his hero a trifle too statuesque. He writes in a vindicating spirit, and no wonder, when we think of some of our Northern histories of a few years ago. Even now one does not have to seek far to find a man who thinks the learned Von Holst a safe repository for his historical conscience, and who regards Lee as a sincere but misguided rebel. The self-complacent magnanimity of the North must be rather more irritating than the old-time bitterness. The very fact that the patriotism of a man like Lee requires any vindication at all shows how far we are from open-mindedness. What the South needs from us is an ability to appreciate the relativity of truth. What she receives is a virtuous charity which says, "You were very bad, but we are very forgiving."

In a chapter on "Secession and Slavery," Professor White reviews the whole question of State sovereignty. It is, of course, a meagre treatment of the subject, but it is sincere and forcible and interesting. One cannot read it without wondering whether the morality of confiscation would appear quite as evident if we were the persons whose property was forfeited. As to the good points of slavery, the author remarks: "With truth, perhaps, it may be said that no other economic system before or since that time has engendered a bond of personal affection between capital and labour so strong

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as that established by the institution of slavery." But he adds: "Slavery was a blight upon the economic development of the South. It repressed inventive talent; it paralysed Anglo-Saxon energy, and it left hidden in the earth the South's material resources."

On the whole, the book is a fine and not exaggerated tribute to Lee, and is agreeably written in spite of a few little mannerisms. The too frequent inversion of subject and verb betrays rhetorical self-consciousness here and there. "Unto the ships of New England the slave-carrying trade was transferred after the Revolution." "Into a whirlwind of passion against slavery did the erroneous portraiture in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* begin to sweep the people of the North." But this is a small matter.

THE CAMPAIGN OF MARENGO. By Herbert H. Sargent. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

The author of this volume is a soldier, and shows the soldier's interest in the most minute details of a campaign. Nevertheless he has the faculty of grasping the entire situation and summing up results in a clear, comprehensive manner which is refreshing to the civilian reader. In his critical power and accuracy of detail he has been compared to Mr. John C. Ropes. Of the justice of this comparison the present reviewer, not being a military historian, is unable to judge. He knows, however, that in point of clearness and the power of compelling an appreciation of the difficulties in the way of military success, Lieutenant Sargent is far superior to many of the authors of general histories. In Sloane's *Napoleon*, for instance, the battle of Marengo is described with some detail, but the impression received from it is vague and confused, and the only grounds apparent in the text for belief in the magnitude of the conflict are the author's own statements to the effect that it was a very wonderful affair. Lieutenant Sargent makes one see how great a feat Napoleon's victory was, and just what means he employed to gain it. He gives an interesting account of the massing of the Army of the Reserve at Dijon, and the devices by which this movement was kept secret. So successful was Napoleon in this concealment that the Austrian General Melas did not learn of Napoleon's passage over the Great St. Bernard until May 21st, hardly more than three weeks before the battle of Marengo, and within a few days of the battle the French captured despatches on the way from the Aulic Council to Melas telling him that the Army of the Reserve was a mere myth. All the essential details of the operations in the plain of Marengo are clearly stated, and the author shows how complete was the victory of the Austrians before the French turned the tables on them and won the day. The greater part of the French cavalry had been destroyed, most of their cannon had been captured, and only a few of their infantry organisations remained. Yet the genius of Napoleon in a few hours converted this defeat into a victory which gave him at once the greater part of Northern Italy.

Commenting on the boldness of the general plan of this campaign, the author points out the caution which Napoleon showed in the carrying out of every detail. "No commander," he says, "has ever looked with more anxiety to his lines of retreat than did this great master of war." This is true of many of Napoleon's campaigns. Even at Austerlitz, where he was so sure of success that he issued beforehand a proclamation explaining the means by which the victory would be won, he had nevertheless provided a retreat through Bohemia in case of defeat.

In the author's estimate Napoleon was the foremost soldier in the world. "The fact that he was a great organiser, a great tactician, and a great strategist is the real reason why he was so successful in war. Among all other great soldiers of the world it would be difficult to select a single one who possessed in so marked a degree all these qualities."

LETTERS TO AN UNKNOWN. By Prosper Mérimée. New York, Chicago, Washington, Paris: Brentano's. $1.25.

Among the few books that stay while many come and go is this long-lived little volume of Prosper Mérimée's. The demand for it is as staple as for sugar and cotton, and an exquisite edition, bound in pale gray and gold, has just been published by Messrs. Brentano. The preface by the translator, Henri Pène du Bois, describes the author's interesting personality, and mentions the principal facts of his well-known career. He, the translator, quotes Goncourt as saying that Mérimée talked slowly, as if he were distilling words; that as he talked he made glacial coldness fall around him; that his irony was dry, wicked, astonishing, and domineering. He, the translator, goes on, however, to tell of Goncourt's dislike of Mérimée, and adds that Hugo, Gautier, Banville, and George Sand were equally prejudiced against him.

"He found on George Sand's table one day, while he was waiting for her in her drawing-room, a portrait of him in prose, which she had written. George Sand, half dressed, rushed into the drawing-room and tore the manuscript from his hands. He said: 'These lines are true, perhaps, but they are not flattering. I confess I am sorry I was honest, and did not steal them. I would have burned them.'"

But no reader of his *Letters to an Unknown* will accept any such estimate of the character revealed between the lines, so tender, so loyal, so profoundly pathetic to the very end, for the last letter was written two hours before his death. Of the work itself there is nothing to say that has not been said many times by the lovers of the best in literature. It is interesting, however, to be reminded by the translator that Mérimée's apartments were burned by the Communists six months after his death, and that his paintings, books, medals, manuscripts, and letters were destroyed, which is supposed to be the reason why there are no letters from the Unknown.

RICHARD WAGNER. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Translated from the German by G. A. Hight. London: Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $7.50.

This magnificent volume, which is, on the whole, the most sumptuously printed book of the season, was written in German by Mr. Chamberlain, who also contributed an introduction to the translation made by Mr. Hight. The work is not a formal life of Wagner; for, as

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the preface says, the biography of the subject has already been done with exhaustive minuteness by Glasenapp ; but the author has made it instead a study or, as he calls it, a "picture of the great composer. It consists, first of all, of an introduction which gives a general account of the position of Wagner in the history of modern music, with a summary of the views of his critics, both friendly and unfriendly, including Nietzsche ; and then of three parts, the first giving succinctly the facts of the musician's life, the second an account of his writings and teachings, with a discussion of his religious views, his art doctrine, and his philosophy and poetry, adding a bibliography of his works ; the third, treating of his art works ; and the fourth containing an admirable and interesting description of Bayreuth and its theatre. An appendix contains other matter collaterally related to the general subject. The book is lavishly illustrated with superb portraits in photogravure, and is supplied with facsimiles, diagrams, and other Wagneriana. We know of nothing on Wagner yet published that is so beautiful and so complete, or that would be so acceptable a gift for any cultivated person with a special taste for music.

COLUMBIA VERSE. New York: W. B. Harrison. $1.00.

This little volume contains a selection from the verses that have appeared from time to time in the undergraduate publications of Columbia University—the *Spectator*, the *Morningside*, and the *Literary Monthly*. The choice has been made with a good deal of taste and discrimination, and the result is seen in the absence of anything amateurish or really commonplace. In fact, the verse included in the book is much better than what one usually finds in the magazines, and greatly superior to the general run of minor poetry that comes in multitudinous volumes from the presses of those publishers who are always experimenting with new writers. The subjects chosen show a wide range, and the literary manners are equally varied, gliding from Austin Dobson to Kipling without turning a hair. We can give space to only one or two short specimens, and we select these as showing a very admirable degree of technical skill. The first is by Mr. Robert Jermain Cole.

> Ah, sweet but unremembered days,
> I grope for you in twilight ways,
> As loiterers scent a faint perfume,
> But know not where the flowers bloom,
> In summer haze.

And this, in a different vein, by Mr. R. H. Loines, will appeal to many a victim of the typothete :

> A poet once wrote in an ode to Spring,
> Which he sent to the *Weekly Drum:*
> "My heart it throbs with a soulful joy
> Each year when the crocuses come."
>
> Thought he, "That couplet is grave and deep;"
> But he somewhat made things hum,
> When his favourite line appeared in print,
> "Each year when the *circuses* come!"

We are glad to see Mr. Wharton's lines on the Beardsley Ass preserved here in permanent form, for the Beardsley Ass easily ranks with the Purple Cow.

PRATT PORTRAITS. By Anna Fuller. New Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

Those of us who have known the Pratt family in simpler guise are glad to welcome them in the luxury of a new illustrated edition, with broad margins and decorative covers. In none of Miss Fuller's later work is there more charm and delicacy and insight into character than in these early sketches. She has brought out the individuality of each of "Old Lady Pratt's" children and grandchildren, without eliminating the strong family traits they share. Their humour is as real as their pathos, and the only times when we can at all question Miss Fuller's sincerity as an interpreter of New England human nature are the semi-occasional moments when sentiment glides into sentimentality. But the privilege of softening and sweetening the types she draws should, perhaps, be accorded to an artist who gives us not photographs, but portraits.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, December 1, 1897.

Publications continued to be very numerous during November, and maintained a high degree of attractiveness, particularly as to bindings and illustrations, in which there are marked improvements each year.

His Grace of Osmonde, by Frances Hodgson Burnett ; *The Beth Book*, by Sarah Grand, and *Lorraine*, by Robert W. Chambers, are among the most popular of the month's output of fiction, while *Seven on the Highway*, by Blanche Willis Howard ; *Queen of the Jesters*, by Max Pemberton, and *The Great Stone of Sardis*, by Frank R. Stockton, are also in good demand. Other recent novels selling largely are *The Story of an Untold Love*, *In Kedar's Tents*, *Hugh Wynne*, and *Corleone*.

The new books have not, however, by any means crowded out the favourites of longer standing, and the sale of *The Choir Invisible* continues unabated, while the publication of a competitive translation and the consequent reduction in price of the authorised edition of *Quo Vadis* has increased its sale enormously.

The successful playing of *A Lady of Quality* has caused a new demand for the book, and we have no doubt that the forthcoming presentation of a dramatisation from the works of Ian Maclaren will produce a similar result with his books.

Juveniles enter very largely into the sales at this time of year. In a pictorial way such books

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as *The Vege-Men's Revenge*, *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, and *The Blackberries* are very popular. *Sir Toady Lion*, by S. R. Crockett; *Phronsie Pepper*, by Margaret Sidney, and *The Century Book of the American Revolution*, by Elbridge S. Brooks, are new titles among the leaders, while recent books of such standard juvenile authors as Henty, Munroe, Martha Finley, and Alger are much sought after by the young people.

Illustrated books are another prominent feature of holiday trade, and the Gibson, Remington, and Wenzell illustrations are selling readily. These are the only large books in demand, and seem to be the successors to the old flat or table books once so much in vogue.

Old Virginia and Her Neighbours, by John Fiske; *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, by Frederic G. Kenyon, both published in handsome two-volume editions, are substantial additions of the month to miscellaneous literature. Other important books likely to be in good demand are *This Country of Ours*, by Benjamin Harrison; *The Life of Gladstone*, by Justin McCarthy; and a cheap edition of Motley's *Dutch Republic*.

Birdcraft, with coloured illustrations; *Sunlight and Shadow; Hamlet*, illustrated by Christy; *Bird Neighbours*, with coloured plates; *Some Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories*, are among the attractive books for the holidays. The *Wenzell*, the *Smart Set*, the *Sarony*, the *Coon*, and the *Hal Hurst Calendars* are very attractive for the coming year.

The Story of Jesus Christ, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward; *Seven Puzzling Bible Books*, by Washington Gladden; *Christian Missions and Social Progress*, by the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., and the new Ian Maclaren books are already among the leading books in demand on religious subjects.

Sales for November continued heavy, comparing favourably with those of previous years. The outlook for a good holiday season is bright, and nearly all classes of literature will be used.

It is difficult, after the first two or three books are selected, to determine the order of popularity, as so many books at present are selling largely. The following list, however, is practically correct:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances H. Burnett. $1.50.

Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. $1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers. By James Whitcomb Riley. $1.50.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. $1.50.

In Kedar's Tents. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.

Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00.

Lorraine. By R. W. Chambers. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1897.

The booksellers' harvest time is now at hand, and the trade throughout the country are busily planning to meet the annual holiday rush, that is even now commencing. Christmas means much to nearly everybody, but to no one does it mean more than to the man who deals in books, for upon a successful or unsuccessful Christmas depends whether his books will show a profit or a loss for the year. The indications are that the rush this season will be as great as ever, if not greater, for the tendency to put off holiday purchases until the last minute, so prominent a feature during the last few years, is still evident.

Country business was good during November, library orders numerous and heavy, and the local demand very encouraging. In fact, as a whole, the month's trade was quite satisfactory.

Nearly everything in the way of stock is moving well nowadays. The term "Christmas books" is often used to describe literature supposed to be suitable for Christmas gifts, but in a strict sense the expression is a misnomer, for there is scarcely a volume upon the market that is not doing duty, or has not done duty, as a Christmas book at some time or other. In fact, the odds and ends that are called for at Christmas are a source of perplexity to the dealer.

New and cheaper editions of *Quo Vadis* made their appearance last month, including a paper-covered edition of the authentic translation by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company to retail at twenty-five cents. This places a remarkable book within everybody's reach.

A notable feature of the season's output is the number of valuable works, belonging to the class of biography and memoirs, that have appeared. Justin McCarthy's *Gladstone*, Tennyson's *Memoir* by his son, *The Life of Mrs. Stowe* by Mrs. Fields, and Mrs. Browning's *Letters* are all works that should live. *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, is a very timely book in view of the prominence of that country in international affairs at present, and it is also a very valuable addition to the Spanish histories, of which the number is very small. The work is selling remarkably well.

Illustrated editions of books especially designed for holiday trade are not very numerous this year, the demand for these having been on the wane for several years. What may be lacking in number, however, is more than made up in quality by such works as Cable's *Old Creole Days*, *Quo Vadis*, *The Critical Period of American History*, *Irish Idylls*, Gibson's *London*, D'Amici's *Morocco*, and Thoreau's *Walden*.

The death of Henry George was the cause of quite a run upon his books last month, *Progress and Poverty* being the work most frequently called for.

Last month's new books make a list which has probably never been surpassed for excellence and number. Space does not permit the

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mention of all those which met with prompt success, in a mercantile sense, but the best of them were *Corleone*, by Marion Crawford; *His Grace of Osmonde*, by Mrs. Burnett; *The Great Stone of Sardis*, by F. R. Stockton; *Lochinvar*, by S. R. Crockett; *The General's Double*, by Captain King; *An Imperial Lover*, by M. Imlay Taylor; *Social Life in Old Virginia*, by T. N. Page; *Gondola Days*, by J. H. Smith; *Old Virginia and Her Neighbours*, by John Fiske; *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, by Mrs. Latimer; *The Story of Jesus Christ*, by Mrs. Phelps-Ward, and *The Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers*, by J. W. Riley.

Quo Vadis, *The Choir Invisible*, and *The Christian* have led the sales for the past month, as they undoubtedly will for the year. Outside of these the book most called for at present appears to be *Hugh Wynne*.

The best-selling books of the month were the following, but there are at least fifty others which deserve mention did space allow it:

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.
Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. N. Latimer. $2.50.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00.
An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
The General's Double. By Captain King. $1.25.
Equality. By E. Bellamy. $1.25.
Jerome. By M. E. Wilkins. $1.50.
His Grace of Osmonde. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.50.
Dariel. By R. D. Blackmore. $1.75.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Oct. 25 to Nov. 20, 1897.

Whether trade can be called good or not, one thing is certain—an enormous quantity of literature is being purchased by the reading public. In years gone by such a state of things would have meant fortunes to the publishers, but competition among them and among booksellers reduces the producing and selling of books to a bare living. Coming to the state of trade, this may be said to be satisfactory, as trade goes nowadays. At the beginning of the period under review it was very good, but, as is usual, fell off as November advanced. There is little alteration to chronicle in the colonial and foreign trade, which continues to be fairly active. It would gladden the heart of the statistician could he ascertain the number of tons avoirdupois of six shilling novels that have been sold since the commencement of this now popular form of publication. It is still *the* leading line of the bookseller. *The Christian* has been the favourite of late, but has now a serious rival (from a trade standpoint) in *The Beth Book*, which is the most popular work of the moment. There does not appear to be a third novel to approach these in the number sold. There is much need for improvement in the titles of books; not orthographically (although many are far from blameless in this respect), but as regards conveying some idea, to say the least, of the nature and contents of the book. Unfortunately, in many instances the title is absolutely no guide at all in this matter, and the bookseller has little time for examining the work to discover its object and scope. A monosyllable, such as, for instance, "Max" or "Styles," is no great help in this direction. A short subtitle would, in most cases, remove the difficulty in question.

Fairy tales of various kinds are being bought freely, but it is noticeable that the older ones are being passed over this year.

There is quite a craze for children's books with illustrations of oddities—impossible, nightmare-like creatures. Tenniel's *Mock-Turtle* (see *Alice in Wonderland*) is, comparatively, a respectable combination beside some of the more recent creations.

The old English classics and plays are just now receiving considerable attention. There is a fair demand for two new editions of the *Spectator*, and for the volumes of Dent's Temple Classics and Temple Dramatists. The Waverley Novels are not selling so freely as the inquiries of a few weeks back seemed to promise. Sixpenny novels are again to the fore. Editions in this form of *John Halifax*, *Lorna Doone*, and *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* have sold in large numbers.

The long-looked-for *Queen Victoria*, by R. R. Holmes, has now been issued. The orders had, in most cases, been booked for months in advance of publication. Many of the Christmas numbers of weekly periodicals have been published during the last few days. This means a tremendous amount of cartage and packing for a small return.

The December magazines are being issued in large quantities, many of them being double or Christmas numbers, which leads in some cases to an increased sale.

Subjoined is a list of popular books. The state of affairs in India may account for the appearance here of some works; the bulk of the remainder is fiction.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. 6s.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s.
Jerome. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Captains Courageous. By R. Kipling. 6s.
In the Permanent Way. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Wayfaring Men. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.
What Maisie Knew. By. H. James. 6s.
The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
Musical Memories. By A. M. Diehl. 6s.
The Benin Massacre. By A. Boisragon. 3s. 6d.

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All about Klondike. 1s.
Pioneers of the Klondike. By M. H. E. Haynes. 3s. 6d.
Poems. By A. L. Gordon. 6s.
Liza of Lambeth. By W. S. Maugham. 3s. 6d.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d.
Book of Verses for Children. By E. V. Lucas. 6s.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s 6d. net.
The Potter's Wheel. By J. Watson. 3s. 6d.
The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d.
Women of the Old Testament. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
Letters of E. B. Browning. 2 vols. 15s. net.
Another's Burden. By J. Payn. 3s. 6d.
Baboo Jabberjee. By F. Anstey. 3s. 6d.
Under the Red Crescent. By C. Ryan. 9s.
Twelve Indian Statesmen. By G. Smith. 10s. 6d.
Forty-One Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 36s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1, 1897, and December 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. His Grace of Osmonde. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Beth Book. By Grand. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. London as Seen by C. D. Gibson. $5.00. (Scribner.)
4. Letters to an Unknown. By Merimée. $1.25. (Brentanos.)
5. Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors. By Barnes. $1.50. (Macmillan)
6. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00 and $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Smoking Flax. By Rives. 50 cts. (Neely.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00, (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)
3. Letters of Mrs. Browning. Edited by Kenyon. $4.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Latimer. $2.50. (McClurg & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. An Imperial Lover. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Beth Book. By Grand. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. His Grace of Osmonde. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
6. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00. (Macmillan.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Chimes from a Jester's Bells. By Burdette. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
2. Roach & Co. By Fuller. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
3. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Down Our Way. By Judah. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. In Kedar's Tents By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Virginia and Her Neighbours. By Fiske. $4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Habitant. By Drummond. $1.25. (Putnam.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.50. (Morang.)
3. With Frederick the Great. By Henty. $1.50. (Blackie.)
4. With Moore at Corunna. By Henty. $1.50. (Blackie.)
5. A March on London. By Henty. $1.50. (Blackie.)
6. Wayfaring Men. By Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Diana Victrix. By Converse. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. The Latimers. By McCook. $1.50. (Jacobs.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. A Forest Orchid. By Higginson. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. The Massarenes. By Ouida. $1.25. (Fenno.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Wild Flowers of California. By Parsons Buck. $2.00. (Doxey.)
2. Idle Hours in a Library. By Hudson. $1.25. (Doxey.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Lochinvar. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

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TOLEDO, O.

1. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co)
5. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. * Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. * St. Ives. By Stevenson. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
3. † Farthest North. By Nansen. $1.50 and $2.00 set. (Macmillan.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen $1.50. (Macmillan.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. St. Ives. By Stevenson. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
2. Dariel. By Blackmore. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp Clark Co., Limited.)
3. Prisoners of the Sea. By Kingsley. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
4. His Grace of Osmonde. By Burnett. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. Wayfaring Men. By Lyall. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. Corleone. By Crawford. Cloth, 2 vols., $2.00. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

WACO, TEX.

1. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. 2 vols. $2 00. (Century Co.)
2. Corleone. By Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. 2 vols. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)
4. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Kenyon. 2 vols. $4.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

* Canadian copyrights.
† Colonial Libraries.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
3. The Christian. By Caine.
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.
6. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

W. L. ALLISON Co., New York.

Poor but Plucky; or, The Mystery of a Flood.
The Missing Tin Box, by Arthur M. Winfield.
The Young Auctioneers, by Edward Stratemeyer.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

Industrial Freedom, by David MacGregor Means.
Uncle Robert's Geography, edited by Francis W. Parker.
The Beth Book, by Sarah Grand.
The Freedom of Henry Meredyth, by M. Hamilton.
Miss Providence, by Dorothea Gerard.
At the Cross-Roads, by F. F. Montrésor.
A History of Dancing, from the earliest ages to our own times, from the French of Gaston Vuillier.
Punctuation, by F. Horace Teall.
Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences, by G. Frederick Wright.
Bird-Life, by Frank M. Chapman.

EDWARD ARNOLD, New York.

Autobiography and Letters of Rt. Hon. J A. Roebuck, by R. Eadon Leader.
More Beasts (For Worse Children). Verses by H. B. Pictures by B. T. B.

RICHARD G. BADGER & Co., Boston.

The Right Side of the Car, by John Uri Lloyd.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR Co., New York.

Oriental Days, by Lucia A. Palmer.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

Blossoms of the Cross, by Emmy Giehrl.
Aser, the Shepherd, by Marion Ames Taggart.
Bezaleel, by Marion Ames Taggart.
Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin, by Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B.

J. W. BOUTON, New York.

The Private Library, by Arthur L. Humphreys.

BRENTANO'S, New York.

Colonial Verses (Mount Vernon), by Ruth Lawrence. Illustrated.

THE BURROWS BROS. Co., Cleveland.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, vol ix.

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Songs of Liberty, and Other Poems, by Robert Underwood Johnson.
Java, the Garden of the East, by E. R. Scidmore.
Impressions of South Africa, by James Bryce.
Forty-six Years in the Army, by Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield.
The Story of Marie Antoinette, by Anna L. Bicknell.

H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

Songs of Flying Hours, by Edward Willard Watson.

William G. Colesworthy, Boston.

The White Ship, A Little Book of Poems, selected from the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Copeland & Day, Boston.

Victory, by Hannah Parker Kimball.
Vivette; or, The Memoirs of the Romance Association, by Gelett Burgess.
Middleway, by Kate Whiting Patch.
Out of the Silence, by John Vance Cheney.
Harvard Episodes, by Charles Nacomb Flandrau.
One Way to the Woods, by Evaleen Stein.
Shadows, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston.

The Self-Made Man in American Life, by Grover Cleveland.
General Grant's Letters to a Friend, 1860–80, with Introduction and Notes by James Grant Wilson.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Success and Failure, by R. F. Horton.
Stories of Famous Operas, by H. A. Guerber.
Pictures from the Life of Nelson, by W. Clark Russell.
Victorian Literature, by Clement K. Shorter.
Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians, by Camille Bellaigue.
A Lonely Little Lady, by Dolf Wyllarde.
Lumen, by Camille Flammarion.
A Daughter of Strife, by Jane H. Findlater.
A Spanish Maid, by L. Quiller Couch.
Over the Hills, by Mary Findlater.
Untold Tales of the Past, by Beatrice Harraden.
Hamlet, illustrations by H. C. Christy.

Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

Tales of the Real Gypsy, by Paul Kester.
Tales from *McClure's*.

William Doxey, San Francisco.

Yermah the Dorado, by Frona Eunice Wait.
The Voice of the Valley, by Yone Noguchi.
Petrarch, and Other Essays, by Timothy H. Reardon.
Idle Hours in a Library, by William Henry Hudson.
Sonnets of Heredia, Done into English by Edward Robeson Taylor.

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